THE CENTRE REPORTER.

FRED. KURTZ, Editor and Proprietor. TERMS: $2.00 a Year, in Advance.

VOLUME XII. CENTRE HALL, CENTRE CO., PA., THURSDAY, AUGUST 28, 1879. NUMBER 34.

A Good-Bye.

Falling leaf and fading tree,
Lines of white in a sullen sea,
Shadows rising on you and me—
The swallows are making them ready to fly.
Good-bye, summer! Good-bye!
Good-bye!

Hush! A voice from the far-away—
"Listen and learn," it seems to say,
"All the to-morrows shall be as to-day,"
The cord is frayed and the cruse is dry,
The link must break and the lamp must die.
Good-bye, hope! Good-bye!
Good-bye!

What are we waiting for? Oh! my heart,
Kiss me straight on the brows and part!
Again! again! my heart! my heart!
What are we waiting for, you and I
A pleading look—a stifled cry—
Good-bye, forever! Good-bye!
Good-bye!

—*C. J. White Mexville.*

The Endless Procession.

Down the vista of the ages,
Saints and sinners, fools and sages,
Marching onward, slow and solemn,
Go, in never-ending column;
Here the honest, here the knave;
With a rhythmic step sublime,
To the grave.

Like the rolling of a river,
Going on and on forever,
Never resting, never staying,
Never for an instant straying,
Peer and peasant, lord and slave,
Equals soon to mix and mingle
In the grave.

Duty cannot, nor can pleasure,
For a moment break the measure;
They are marching on to doom,
They are moving to the tomb,
All the coward, all the brave,
Soon to level all distinction
In the grave.

Since the morning'on creation,
Without break or termination,
Ever on the line is moving,
All the loved and all the loving,
All that mothers ever gave—
On to silence and to slumber
In the grave.

Here no bribe the bond can weaken,
Here no substitute is taken;
Each one for himself- no other,
Son or father; no, nor brother;
Love the purest cannot save;
Each alone the roll must answer
At the grave.

Who commands the dread procession
That shall know no retrogression?
Who can be the great director?
Ha! that grim and silent specter,
Him that sin to satan gave;
Death, the mighty king and terror,
And the grave.

—*Frank J. Ottarson.*

How Pottridge Spoilt His Luck.

Mr. Thomas Pottridge, of Smallborough, had been renowned in his native town for his constant run of luck, so that at the age of forty he was reckoned the "warmest" man there—an alderman who had been twice mayor of his city, a church warden and a very popular character among the fair sex by reason of his being a bachelor. One or two things more only were wanted to complete his happiness—namely, a good wife, a nice little estate in the country, and the honor of knighthood. Mr. Pottridge wished to become Sir Thomas Pottridge. Having long cherished this idea, and resolved, indeed, that he would not propose for the hand of pretty Miss Lucy Dott, the banker's daughter, until he could make her a ladyship, Mr. Pottridge ended by thinking that he could best secure his object by causing himself to be re-elected mayor, and arranging if possible that H. R. H. the Prince of Wales should pay a visit to Smallborough during the term of his office. Intent upon this scheme, Mr. Pottridge came up to town to call upon Lord Beaconsfield. Lord Beaconsfield hearkened kindly to the grocer's prayer. Smallborough was about to inaugurate some public baths, the first establishment of the kind ever seen in the town, and nothing could be more suitable than that the heir to the throne should preside over the ceremonial. "Truly," said the Premier politely, when he had heard the alderman speak, "the cleanliness of the people must always be a matter of interesting consideration to those who are brought into relations with them. I shall be happy to take her majesty's commands on the—ahem!—public spirited proposal which you have laid before me."

"If you can manage it, my lord, I should be glad if the visit could take place some time after the 9th of November next, for I shall be mayor then and able to see that the reception given is a proper one."

"Ah, quite so!" answered Lord Beaconsfield, dropping his eyeglass, for he had studied Mr. Pottridge through and knew the man by heart.

Leaving Whitehall, Mr. Pottridge sauntered toward Regent street, and as he walked along life seemed rosy to him because of Miss Dott. He began to stare into the shop windows, admiring pretty things which he was determined to buy for his love. He was turning over this fancy and fumbling wistfully at the pocket where the check-book lay when suddenly he beheld through the window a curious sight. An elegantly dressed lady was seated at the counter examining pieces of Brussels lace. The shopman averted his head for an instant and she deftly whipped up a yard of the costly texture and transferred it to her pocket. The shopman spread over the counter a number of square flat boxes containing cambric handkerchiefs and once more turned away. Again the lady's deft hand went to work and a couple of handkerchiefs found their way under her cloak. "Now that woman must have capacious pockets," soliloquized the astonished Mr. Pottridge. "She's a cunning thief, anyhow, and I'll just step in and warn the firm."

He hesitated a moment and whilst he hovered about the doorway the lady came out escorted by an obsequious commissionaire with medals on his breast. A footman, one of a row basking on a bench like oysters, rose and signaled to the coachman of a handsomely appointed brougham, who at once drove forward. Evidently this lady was not an ordinary thief. She was a tall, dark person of about thirty, superbly dressed and very handsome. Perceiving Mr. Pottridge and seeing his glance fixed on her as she waited for her carriage she eyed him with aristocratic supercilliousness and thereby settled her fate, for Smallborough's alderman, who could not brook the disdain of a shoplifter, hurried into the mercer's and explained what had happened, speaking in so excited a voice that a number of customers heard him.

Great commotion was caused by his announcement, and the shopman who had served her was quickly fired by the idea that he had let himself be outwitted. Darting out of the shop he accosted the thief as she was stepping into her carriage and said: "Will you come back, if you please? There is some mistake."

"What mistake?" asked she, turning round with a flash in her eyes. But she grew ashy pale.

"Come back, please," repeated the shopman, a pushing young man, whose voice broke from emotion.

A small crowd had already collected and the lady was obliged to retrace her steps; but as she was about to enter the shop she slipped her hand into her pocket and let a piece of lace fall on to the pavement. "No, ma'am, that won't do," cried Mr. Pottridge, seizing the thief's wrist. "You're going to pretend those things fell by accident into the folds of your dress; we know that trick." And officiously acting as searcher he plunged his hand into the pocket despite the lady's struggles and drew out a second piece of lace, three cambric handkerchiefs, two pairs of new gloves, one pair of silk stockings and a lady's silk cravat. "Well, I never!" exclaimed the pushing shopman, and there was a murmur among the bystanders, including the lady's own footman, who looked like a powdered figure of consternation.

"How dare you," screamed the lady, purple with rage and mortification, as she glared at Mr. Pottridge; "I'll prosecute you for assault. I told the shopman here that I meant to buy these things. Let the bill be sent to my address; I'm Mrs. Pounceforth-Keane."

"I dessay," resumed the shopman, "but I'm going to give you into custody;" and running to the door, he beckoned to a blue-coated member of the force.

One of the partners of the firm, a gray, civil-spoken man, who had been summoned from his study, now came forward; and he was at first disposed to rebuke the haste of his shopman, but it was too late. The policeman had already entered, and all the shopmen and shop-girls, the customers and the desultory people crowding around the door, were instant in chorusing that the thief should be made an example of. Mrs. Pounceforth-Keane, seeing public opinion so dead against her, uttered a howl, and fell swooning to the floor.

"Never mind that, we'll soon rouse her," said the policeman, facetiously, for he did not yet know that he had to deal with a lady who kept a brougham.

"The magistrate is sitting now at Marlborough street; we'll just go there at once and have her charged."

This arrangement was acceded to, and in a few minutes the lady and the policeman (who had got absabbed by this time from finding himself seated on the stik cushions of a carriage) were riding to the police court in Mrs. Pounceforth-Keane's own vehicle, while Mr. Pottridge, the shopman and the mercer followed on foot to give evidence.

* * * * *

One would think that in a case where the offence was flagrant and the testimony so clear the magistrate might have sentenced the defendant straight off to six months' imprisonment, and indeed, had the thief been a person of the lower orders, it would probably have been her fate to be convicted summarily.

But it turned out that Pounceforth-Keane was the real name of the elegant shoplifter, whose husband was a person moving, as reporters say, "in the best ranks of society." Mr. Pounceforth-Keane was sent for, and arrived breathless in a hansom from one of the best clubs in Pall Mall. At the sight of him his wife, who had been locked up for an hour in a police cell, wept profusely, and Mr. P. K. was himself much agitated. He asked for a remand, and tendered bail, saying he should produce medical evidence to the effect that his wife had lately suffered severely in health. The magistrate, a timid man, who had grown-up daughters to marry, and was terribly afraid of society—stammered out something like an apology, and readily acceded to the application for bail. So very soon Mrs. Pounceforth-Keane tottered out of court weeping like a victim, on her husband's arm; and Mr. Pottridge walked away with the shopman and the civil-spoken mercer. All three were crestfallen, as if they had committed a blunder. "This will be a very bad affair for me," grumbled the mercer. "I would have given a hundred yards of lace sooner than appear in court against a lady like this."

"Well, but she's a thief," cried Mr. Pottridge, rousing himself and speaking with spirit. "What harm can she or her friends do you?"

"Are you quite sure you saw her steal the things?" asked the mercer, gloomily.

"Besides, supposing she did put them in her pocket, you never told me you shopman to send her the bill."

"I'm hanged if she did," ejaculated the shopman, indignantly.

"Silence, sir," answered the mercer, with a stern frown. If this be really a case of theft you are self-condemned, for you ought to have kept your eyes about you. For some time past I have noticed that you have been very negligent in business."

The shopman collapsed, as for Mr. Pottridge, he trudged back to his hotel, feeling half inclined to go and ask Lord Beaconsfield what he ought to do. The case had been adjourned for a week, so he traveled back to Smallborough in the evening, and by the time he reached his native town he had worried himself up into a state of contempt for the mercer and the metropolitan stipendiary, who seemed to draw a distinction between well-dressed and ill-dressed plunderers. Meeting Mr. Bungs, the brewer, near the railway station, he gave him an account of what had happened, and was hearkened to with sympathy until he mentioned the name of Pounceforth-Keane; then Mr. Bungs pursed up his lips and said: "Why, that's the cousin of Lord Keynsole, brother-in-law of our lord lieutenant!"

"What difference does that make?" stammered Mr. Pottridge, like a man who feels less sure of his ground.

"Oh, nothing, except that I don't see why a lady of that sort should commit robberies," responded Mr. Bungs.

Further down the street Mr. Pottridge, who was rubbing his pate in rather violent perplexity, encountered Mr. Dott, the banker, whose daughter Lucy he loved. "Pounceforth - Keane!" exclaimed Mr. Dott, as soon as he had heard the grocer's story. "Why, Lord Keynsole, his cousin, banks with us."

"Well, but come, Dott," retorted Mr. Pottridge, impatiently, "is that a reason why Mrs. Pounceforth-Keane shouldn't be a dishonest jade?"

"No, but I think the whole thing improbable," answered the banker, "and I must confess I should be sorry if anything unpleasant happened to Lord Keynsole's family."

Mr. Pottridge was not in a very good humor when he went to bed that night. A magistrate himself, he knew what shifts are often made to withdraw well-connected offenders from justice, and so far as he was concerned he would have cared but little had an appeal been made to him, *ad misericordiam*, to acknowledge that he had, perhaps, been mistaken in fancying that he saw Mrs. P. K. pocket some lace and handkerchiefs. But Mr. Pottridge could not bear to be pooh-poohed at or threatened with unpleasant consequences if he did his duty. He was an alderman and a grocer with a blameless conscience, and he feared no man. Feeling that his character for veracity and common sense was at stake he resolved to give his evidence against the wife of Lord Keynsole's cousin with no more hesitation than if she were the commonest jail-bird.

From that date, however, things began to go wrong somehow with Mr. Pottridge. It seemed as though his long luck had forsaken him. On the morrow of his adventure in London, Mr. Chuckleworth, the principal solicitor in the town, who was Lord Keynsole's legal adviser, passed him in the street without nodding, and later in the day Mrs. C. sent a stiff note begging that Mr. Pottridge would send in his bill, and intimating that she would thenceforth purchase her groceries at another house. Now the Chuckleworths had always been excellent customers of Mr. Pottridge.

This was bad enough, but worse was to follow. Next day some inspectors of weights and measures arrived at the alderman's shop and found a piece of lard sticking under his scales. They declared they should make a report of the fact. Scarcely had they gone, leaving the grocer speechless with confusion, than two well-dressed strangers entered and bought some tea, brown sugar, cocoa, pepper and a pot of mustard; after which they stated that they were public analysts, who were going to examine the quality of these goods. They examined them, in truth, so fast that two days later Mr. Pottridge received a summons to answer a charge of putting birch twigs in his tea, sand in his sugar, turmeric in his mustard, clay in his cocoa, etc. Mr. Pottridge shrugged his shoulders at first, taking it for granted that the charge would be dismissed by his brother magistrates, Messrs. Dote Bungs and company; but before the cats came on for hearing it fortuitously transpired that Mr. Pottridge had been up to London interviewing Lord Beaconsfield for the purposes we know, and this made the other aldermen furious. Mr. Bungs, the brewer, was particularly angry, and declared that Pottridge was a traitor, insomuch as the poor grocer, instead of having a friendly bench to judge him, found a very stern one.

"I am sorry for you, Mr. Pottridge," said Mr. Dott, who sat as chairman, "but men in your position should set an example. You are fined £20 on each count, with costs; total, £120."

Ill-starred Pottridge! He left the court politically and socially done for, for he could no longer hope to be re-elected mayor nor to marry Miss Dott. He should have, moreover, to resign his aldermanship, and his personal character, as well as that of his tea, sugar and mustard, was ruined.

So ruined was Mr. Pottridge that when he went to London to give evidence against Mrs. Pounceforth-Keane the first question asked him by the counsel for the defense—a blustering Old Bailey barrister—was, "I believe you have just been convicted of selling adulterated goods and at false weight?"

"Let me explain," stammered poor Pottridge.

"No explanations, sir. Give me a plain answer, yes or no!"

"Yes, then."

"Well, then, if you are liable to make mistakes about your weights, you may err in other things."

"Perhaps," replied the grocer, desperately, "I may have been mistaken in thinking this lady was a thief. I have had enough of bother about the business."

"You ought to be ashamed of your flippant conduct, sir," cried the counsel, harshly, and the wretched grocer hobbled out of the witness-box feeling very mean indeed. After this confession of possible error on the part of the chief witness the case against Mrs. Pounceforth-Keane was, of course, dismissed, and Mr. Pottridge slunk out of court with a magisterial reprimand ringing in his ears. To conclude this little story one has only to add that when H. R. H. the Prince of Wales graciously went to open the baths at Smallborough it was Mr. Bungs who was mayor and eventually got knighted, while Mr. Pottridge was not even invited to the dinner at the town hall, whereof he paid his share like the other rate payers.

He is no longer regarded as a lucky man.—*London Truth.*

Effect of Altitude in Leadville.

A letter from Leadville, Col., the great mining town, says: I saw but very few cases of intoxication in the streets, though the 300 saloons in the city held out their best inducements. I was surprised at this, as one of the notable effects of the great altitude of the place (10,300 feet above the level of the sea) is that all fermented liquors intoxicate much more quickly than at lower elevations. The boiling point, owing to the decrease of atmospheric pressure, is much lower than at Chicago, and the alcohol is sooner vaporized and taken into the circulation, producing intoxication much quicker.

The boiling point of water here is about 190 degrees, instead of 212 degrees, the effect of which in boiling beans, eggs, potatoes, etc., is that it requires a longer time to cook them in an open vessel, and it is necessary to keep the pot well covered or the water will vaporize and escape before being raised to the requisite degree of heat for thorough cooking. At this elevation much more air is required to fill and satisfy the lungs, and breathing must be quicker in order to properly oxygenize the blood. It is said, too, that after one has been here for some time the coloring matter of the blood becomes darker, being changed from the peroxide to the sesquioxide of iron. With a person suffering under any difficulty or disease of the heart, the effect of any severe or long-continued exertion is to cause a dangerous degree of palpitation, and even with persons entirely well the pulse runs extremely high.

There are other and notable facts connected with this altitude. There are very few birds seen here—perhaps for the reason that flying is difficult in the light air. The common house fly, the summer pest of our Eastern boarding-houses, is unknown here. There are some of the out-door bluebottle variety, but they seem languid and tired. It is said, also, that cats cannot live here. This is probably owing to their delicate organization being unable to resist the rigor of the night air. So the "voices of the night" are not heard in this locality, and bootjacks are reserved for their natural uses.

Another result of the lightness of the air is that, having so little density, it is easily heated by artificial means. Our nights are uniformly cold—so cold that it is uncomfortable to sit without a fire; but a few pine chips or small sticks will warm an apartment very quickly. At the same time the sun's rays do not seem to have the heating power that they do in lower elevations. This seems to confirm the theory that there is no substantial caloric in the rays of the sun, but that the heat is the result of chemical action generated by the direct rays with the elements of the atmosphere—the amount and degree of action varying with the directness of the rays and the density of the atmosphere. While standing high upon these mountains, even at a distance from any snow-drifts and where the air is still, the summer sun has only sufficient power to make the air refreshing and pleasant, while you on the plains are sweltering under a torrid heat. In the shade of a rock or two it is always cool enough.

The effect of the altitude is the same as that experienced by balloonists, who in ascending from the surface of the earth, even on the hottest day, soon finds it necessary to don his overcoat and warmest clothing. In the night here a good supply of blankets is always necessary; and nearly every morning heavy frosts are found, and sometimes thick scales of ice are formed. The crests of some of the mountains and many of the deep ravines upon their sides are still full of masses of snow so compact that one can walk over them without sinking. A day or two ago, in visiting a mine close to the summit of Mount Bross, I was compelled to cross a field of snow hanging over the edge which must have been a mile in length and probably in places twenty-five feet in depth.

An Underground Lake.

The Tlemcen *Courier* (Algeria) describes a wonderful discovery recently made at the picturesque cascades of that place. Some miners had blasted an enormous mass near the cascades, and on removal of the debris found it had covered a large opening into a cave, the floor of which was covered with water. Constructing a rude raft, and providing themselves with candles, the workmen sailed along this underground river, which, at a distance of sixty meters, was found to merge into a large lake of limpid water. The roof of the cavern was very high and covered with stalactites, the brilliant colors of which sparkled under the light of the candles. Continuing their course, the workmen had at certain places to navigate their craft between the stalactites, which, meeting stalagmites from the bed of the lake, formed enormous columns, which looked as if they had been made expressly to sustain the enormous arches. They thus reached the extremity of the lake, where they noticed a large channel extending toward the south, into which water quietly made its way. This is supposed to be a large issue which has baffled explorations hitherto at Sebdon, and which connects the cascades with that locality, and thus with the mysterious sources of the Tafna. It is possible that here they have found an immense natural basin, supplied by powerful sources, and sending a part of its waters toward the lake, while the rest goes to Sebdon. The workmen estimated the distance underground traversed by them at three kilometers, and the breadth of the lake at two. The brought out with them a quantity of fish, which swarmed around the raft, and which were found to be blind.

A Picnic Experience.

"What the country really wants," said Mr. Phipps to me, thoughtfully, as he locked his fingers over his knee, "is a law making it a penitentiary offence to go to a picnic. What is a picnic?", inquired Mr. Phipps, pursuing the subject further. "I will describe it over to you. In the first place, you want to get the thermometer up to 109 in the shade, and to keep it there steadily, with not wind enough blowing to make a leaf tremble. Then you get in the cars, and go out to some place a few miles nearer to the equator than where you live; and when you alight from the train you discover that the picnic ground is right on top of an adjacent hill. There is no vehicle within reach, and so start up the side of the precipice with a basketful of provisions upon each arm, and a bottle of mixed pickles in your coat-tail pocket. There is no shade upon the precipice, of course, and as you push upward you become hotter and hotter, until you feel convinced that the mercury must have crawled up to at least 520 degrees; and meanwhile the bottle of mixed pickles gradually gets to weighing a ton.

"But you do reach the top finally, and as soon as you are in the shade of the woods you sink down exhausted, and grasp for a drink of water. Somebody opens your lunch-basket to get a cup, and then the discovery is made that the jar of raspberry jam on everything, including your hairbrush and the clean shirt collar that you brought along to wear home in the afternoon.

"At this moment some one ascertains that there is no water on the top of the hill. The nearest spring is a hail half mile downward at the bottom of the precipice, and the water has to be brought up in buckets. Lots are drawn to see who shall go for it, and you are one of the victims. When you get your first two buckets up you are drenched with perspiration, and you feel pretty nearly ready to go into a hospital for repairs.

At this critical juncture one of the young ladies declares that it would be so nice if there could be a swing, and the leading male idiot of the party produces a rope from a bundle. You suppose, of course, that he intends to put it up; but upon inquiry you are alarmed that neither he nor any other of the men knows anything about climbing trees. As you, on the trip pp, have impudently boasted of your youthful feats in gathering chestnuts, there is no escape for you, and so, taking one end of the rope in your mouth, you embrace the trunk of the tree and begin to climb. Three back twists or three times the ladies laugh, and the men who don't know how to climb make amusing remarks about the disordered condition of your clothing.

"You reach the lower branches. The men who were totally ignorant of tree climbing show by the advice they give you that they know more about fixing swing-ropes than a man ought to be allowed to know in a free country. When you have the swing adjusted, you grasp it and glide down with such rapidity as to remove the skin from the palms of your hands.

"Next, the fattest young lady in the party, the girl who turns the scales at 211 pounds, asks if you will push her in the swing; but, of course, you are far too intelligent for that, so wander off a piece until you meet another girl who says you must dance with her, because they have only have one more gentleman to make up the set. If you had your choice between losing a leg by amputation and dancing a plain cotillion, you would prefer amputation; but there is no help for it, and so join the party.

"At half past twelve lunch is ready, and you answer the call with the feeling that the only agreeable moment of the day. The cloth has been spread upon the grass; and you observe that the ants have gotten into the sugar, that some energetic spider has spun a web from the pickle-bottle to the lemonade pitcher, and that a colony of straddle bugs is frisking about over the cold ham. I say nothing about the hop-toad that lights in among the sandwiches, or of the bumblebees that haunt the pots of jam; or that you daren't put a spoon within four feet of it. This kind of thing has to be on a picnic, and we must submit to it as a matter of duty.

"After lunch, you think it would be nice to go down the hill and take a swim in the creek. You undress, and really do have a nice bath. Just as you are about to come out, the fat girl and the girl who wanted you to dance come meandering along, and sit down within twenty feet of your clothes, without perceiving them. They have come for a little chat; and they talk, and talk, and talk, as if they have made up their minds to have one final and conclusive conversation, so as to leave nothing to be talked about any more forever and forever. Meanwhile the sun is coloring you so that you resemble a boiled lobster, and although you clear your throat, and splash, in the noisest manner possible, they positively refuse to hear you. At last, however, they get up to go, just as the picnic party is coming down the hill to catch the train.

"You jump out, and dress in furious haste, for fear you will be left; and before you can get your shoes buttoned you hear the whistle. You run for it, and get into the car, hot, wet and miserable, only to find that your lunch basket has been left on the hill, and that your share of the expenses is exactly fifteen dollars.

"Nice picture, isn't it? Well, that's our American picnic! That's exactly the experience I went through last Thursday week. If I ever do it again, I want my friends to run me right into an insane asylum, on the double-quick."—*Max Adeler.*

The Stomach of the Horse.

The horse's stomach has a capacity of only about sixteen quarts, while that of the ox has two hundred and fifty. In the intestines this proportion is reversed, the horse having a capacity of one hundred and ninety quarts, against one hundred of the ox. The ox and most other animals have a gall-bladder for the retention of a part of the bile secreted during digestion; the horse has none, and the bile flows directly into the intestines as fast as secreted. This construction of the digestive apparatus indicates that the horse was formed to eat slowly, and digest continually bulky and innutritious food. When fed on hay it passes very rapidly through the stomach into the intestines. The horse can eat but five pounds of hay in an hour, which is charged, during mastication, with four times its own weight of saliva. Now the stomach, to digest it well, will contain but about ten quarts, and when the animal eats one-third of his daily ration, or seven pounds, in one and one-half hours, he has swallowed at least two stomachs full of hay and saliva, one of these having passed to the intestines. Observation has shown that the food is passed to the intestines by the stomach in the order in which it is received. If we feed a horse six quarts of oats it will just fill his stomach, and if, as soon as he finishes this, we feed him the above ration of three pounds of hay, he will eat sufficient in three-quarters of an hour to have forced the oats entirely out of his stomach into the intestines. As it is the office of the intestines to digest the nitrogenous parts of the feed, and as a stomachful of oats contains four or five times as much of these as the same amount of hay, it is certain that either the stomach must secrete the gastric juice five times as fast, which is hardly possible, or it must retain this food five times as long. By feeding oats first, it can only be retained long enough for the proper digestion of hay, consequently it seems logical, when feeding a concentrated food like oats, with a bulky one like hay, to feed the latter first, giving the grain the whole time between the repasts to be digested.—*Colvin.*

FARM, GARDEN AND HOUSEHOLD

Baths for Farmers.

One very great reason why farmers become "stiff and old" before their time is from their lack of bathing and thorough muscular exercise. The professional man who is fatigued in body seeks to restore his wasted energies with cold water, and the use of dumb bells, which, no matter what a man's occupation may be, straighten out the muscles and bring them all into action as nothing else does. But the farmer, when he is fatigued, what does he do? In nine cases out of ten he seeks his recuperation in inactivity. He goes to bed without a bath, and begins his day's work without a bath. Once a week, like Aunt Chloe, he has a "clarin' up time," by making himself clean.

And what is true of the farmer, is, in large part, true of the farmerine. To take a bath requires time and trouble. So does everything else that is of valhe. It should not be taken when one is extremely fatigued at night. But in the morning, after a night's rest, what is more invigorating! Salt should always be added and with freshly-drawn water one has no need to go to the seaside for bathing. A sponge or towel bath agrees with many people much better than the immersion of the body in a tank-tub. But what is very satisfactory—especially after one becomes accustomed to it—is he hip-bath tub, in which one may sit and with a mug or pitcher pour the water over the shoulders. The largest size of these tubs should be chosen and the material should be strong and well put together. Zinc is the best. Those of tin are not worth buying. A good zinc tub costs about $6.50. If in daily use it will need to be taken once a year probably to the tinsmith to have a small leakage in the bottom stopped, unless, indeed, the owner has the happy faculty of doing his own "tinkering." To be able to solder basins and pots and pans is an accomplishment well worth the trouble of boys and girls to acquire, and the tools necessary for the work are few and inexpensive. Hair mittens are excellent for producing a friction on the skin, after a bath, but the bath towel, which is of large size, of heavy quality in cotton, is preferable for every-day use. It costs from twenty-five to thirty cents. A pair of hair mittens costs $1.50. It is a custom in some parts of Germany for the head of the household to pay the family physician a certain sum per annum to keep his family well. It is a good plan. The doctor drops in now and then, asks about the diet and sanitary habits of the various members of the family and so has it in his power to head off many cases of prevention. It is quite true that if people took half the trouble to keep in health that they take in order to get well when once ill, there would be comparatively little disease. And one of these sanitary "troubles" is the daily morning bath, which soon becomes a luxury. The time consumed in taking it is quickly made up by the strength and vigor it imparts. And no one cannot afford the bath tub, use a large basin that will hold at least six quarts. But have the tub if you can. One had better go without a Sunday suit than a bath tub.—*Rural New Yorker.*

Cultivating the Pear.

A young farmer informs us that a few years ago, observing the reports of the high profit obtained from pear tree culture, he was induced to set out several thousand. They have had good culture; they grow well; but they refuse to bear, or make him any returns. Some of his friends at the time regarded this as a wild speculation, and now annoyingly remind him of his failure with the hackneyed "I told you so." He wishes to know what he can do to persuade these trees to bear fruit, and to give him at least some slight return for his investment. He would be satisfied with but a small percentage of the returns he expected when the trees were purchased.

The only advice we can offer under existing circumstances is to keep the trees in a moderately growing, healthy condition by a proper degree of cultivation, and not despair of some day gathering an abundant reward. Extraordinaries excepted, he would doubtless thus provide for himself a handsome and valuable piece of property in the future. If the trees prove thrifty, they will be more apt to be injured during winter and blighted in summer; not attain good size nor bear any fruit. In order to graduate properly the degree of culture which they should receive, the length of the annual shoots should be observed, and if it is much less than one foot increase the cultivation by mellowing the surface and manuring, if needed. If much more than a foot in length, neglect cultivation or even allow the ground to be covered with grass. If a young orchard can thus be kept in a healthy state, there is no doubt but that it will bear abundant and profitable crops in time.

Again, there may be certain unfavorable conditions of soil which good management cannot obviate. A quicksand subsoil we have found bad for a pear orchard. A good strong clay well-drained subsoil is the best.

We would advise those who contemplate cultivating this fruit to examine these particulars upon engaging in it, especially to the extent of anything like heavy expenditure for the purpose of trees and planting. If an orchard of some years standing is found now to occupy a soil not properly drained, no time should be lost in placing tile at a depth of two and three-fourths to three feet, and midway between the rows, unless they are quite near together, as with the dwarf varieties, in which case alternate space may receive the drain.

Do not give up the pear trees. "I told you so" will apply with equal pertinancy to the "other view" in a few years.—*Buffalo Express.*

Cure for Gapes in Chickens.

A correspondent of the London *Agricultural Gazette*, as an experiment tried sulphur and salt, namely, two parts of sulphur and one part of salt mixed with water to the consistency of thick cream (it is best to use the finger in mixing, as sulphur will not readily mix with water). He then applied it with a feather from a fowl's wing, dipping it in the mixture and putting it down the chicken's throat about three inches, worked the feather up and down a few times, then applied some more in the same way again. He soon found they were much better, and repeated the operation three or four times, leaving two or three days between each application. They are now all cured and doing well.

Extraordinary Hailstorm.

The accounts of the hailstorms in sections of Dodge, Washington and Ozaukee are so extraordinary that they exceed belief. If these accounts be verified no such hailstorm ever before occurred in the United States. The hailstones are represented as large as goose eggs, and that their force was so great that they killed hogs; and one describer declares that they indented fence-rails like bullets, and that two hours after the storm the roads were covered with hail. Of course, under such a heavenly battery, all the growing crops in a belt of country two miles wide were totally destroyed. It is really a calamity, but we indulge the hope that some of the narrators saw double, and that an immense discount must be made from their reports.—*Milwaukee Wisconsin.*

When a city gent attempts to row in a "home-made" boat and glides gently overboard, there is nothing that will bring out the high-toned conversation that he has picked up among the elite of the metropolis so thoroughly as to have an unsophisticated native shout from the shore: "How do you like swimming with boots on?"—*New Haven Register.*

THE MOORISH ALHAMBRA.

What Dr. Flanders Says in a Spanish Letter of this Most Remarkable Palace.

The Alhambra made upon me one of the profoundest impressions of my whole life, and I would be glad to reproduce it while here upon the spot in something like adequate language. But that I feel sure I cannot do. Even Washington Irving fell short of the reality in his elaborately drawn picture of the history, architecture and legends of. I am compelled to believe, one of the most remarkable palaces in the world; and yet he had three years in which to study up the subject and execute his task, for he resided that length of time in the Alhambra. The guide to-day points out to curious visitors the rooms that were occupied by Washington Irving.

Entering the inclosure through the great gateway, we are surprised to see at our right a large, partly-completed marble structure of elaborate Grecian architecture, but evidently of comparatively modern date. This is an abortive attempt of Charles V. to eclipse the Alhambra. It is at once an impertinence and failure. Had Charles completed it according to the original design, it would have been but a monument of his stupidity and bad taste, and the noble old palace of the Moors would not have suffered by the comparison even a temporary eclipse. Except as a signal example of mad folly, it should be pulled down and removed.

Turning to the right of the palace of Charles, and making a slight descent, in a moment more we are in one of the courts of the Alhambra. We hold our breath for a moment in rapt amazement and delight, and then exclaim, beautiful! beautiful! Aladdin's palace in the Arabian story, is before us in solid reality. It was impossible to take it all in at a glance, and so we turned long in that outer court, feasting our eyes and regaling our senses until both swam in a sea of joy.

Away, then, we went, from court to court, from room to room, in a delirium of delight. Walls of lace, done in marble, rose around us; ceilings of cedar-wood, inlaid with ivory and tortoise shell, and rich with blue, vermillion and gold, looked down upon us; domes, looking like purest frost work, flecked with exquisite tints, and dropping with frosty stalactites, hung around us; clusters of marble pillars, supporting balconies of open tracery-work, also in marble, surrounded the courts, and looked out as if the work of enchantment; rich mosaics, in many colors, sometimes made beautiful wainscot, dome and ceiling; while the bath still held its crystal treasure in which the goldfish disported, challenging the sunbeam with its golden scales, and the fountain of lions still played as in the days when Boabdil was master of the Alhambra.

Once seen, and never to be forgotten. Hour after hour went by, and still we were expected to be charmed at. But the sweetest odors finally overpower the senses by excess; and so, after a while, we stole away and ascended the Vela tower, and looked abroad over mountain and valley—over avenues of elm, groves of orange, olive and fig; over plains recently rich with harvest, but now bare and parched; up to the perpetual snows of the Sierra Nevada; down the hazy precipices into deep and cool, shady and fragrant with poplar, acacias, the cypress and myrtle, the oleander and rose. "Beautiful for situation," we said of Jerusalem. Transfer the phrase and, with more justice, let it be said of Granada. The waters that make sweet and cool its atmosphere, and bring to it health, flow into the Darro and Genil, that embrace in the valley below. And as I stood upon the lofty tower and took in the magnificent panorama, from Sierra to Sierra, I exclaim with Moore:

"There is not in the wide world a valley so sweet,
As that vale in whose bosom the bright waters meet;
The last ray of feeling and life may depart,
Ere the bloom of that valley shall fade from my heart."

New and Unique Invention.

A correspondent writes from Leesburg, Ohio, to the Cincinnati *Eagle*: Quite an excitement exists in our unusually quiet village at the present time, the cause being an invention by one of our fellow citizens which seems destined to eclipse Edison himself, the famous phonograph included. Mr. J. T. Guthrie, a citizen of this place, has just had patented a machine for utilizing the gas from bituminous coal that is otherwise lost with the smoke through the flues and chimneys. The machine is very simple, and can be attached to a common cooking or heating stove, and the advantages claimed for it over all previous patents are such as to render it one of the greatest inventions of the age. Any person can handle it easily, and the same fuel that cooks your breakfast will produce an abundance of pure gas, sufficient to illuminate your house during the night without any extra expense whatever. Mr. Guthrie also claims the right of attaching it to furnaces, grates and any and all places where coal is used for fuel and heating purposes. I understand he has already proposed to the exposition commissioners to light the entire exposition building with as good and pure a quality of gas as can be produced in the city gas works, and this by using the same fuel that heats the boilers of their power engine, without a cost of one cent for the fuel.

Mr. Guthrie has his invention in successful operation here in our town, and hundreds of people visit him daily to see the wonderful machine. All, so far, bear testimony to its wonderful merits and general utility. It is certainly the beginning of a new era, and will, if successfully employed, produce a general revolution in the whole system of illumination by reason of its cheapness and general adaptability.

The inventor claims that good, pure gas can be produced by the machine at a cost not to exceed twenty cents per thousand cubic feet, and earnestly invites practical men from all parts of the country to come, see and examine the workings of his late invention.

A Remarkable Escape.

One day recently, as Frank Carr, of West Hopkinton, Mass., was engaged in sawing lumber in his mill at that place, he had occasion to lift a trap in the floor, just over the flume which the water flowed into, and through a spout six feet long on to an iron wheel, revolving horizontally, and which furnished power to move the machinery. The water was about six feet deep in the flume, and the wheel was encased in a close, circular wooden box, within which it revolved with great velocity. Mr. Carr's attention being called away, he neglected to close the trap. His two little girls, the one six and the other three years old, were playing in another part of the mill, but soon tripped along to the near neighborhood of the open trap, which they did not see, and the youngest accidentally fell into the flume and was carried through the spout into the revolving wheel. At the instant the little girl disappeared her sister exclaimed, "Papa, sissy is killed!" Mr. Carr looked and took in the situation at the first glance. He sprang and closed the gate which shut the upper water from the flume, then rushed below and, as soon as he could, removed the covering to the wheel box. It took but a few moments to do that, but in the meantime the wheel had revolved one or two hundred times, and all the water had passed out of the flume. Strange as it may seem, he found the missing girl closely packed in the wheel box, and uninjured, without a scratch or bruise. It could not have been less than ten minutes that the little girl was in the flume, spout and wheel, and her escape from death seemed almost miraculous.—*Boston Journal.*

Suggestions for the Sick-Room.

The following useful suggestions are from an article in *Scribner*, written by a trained nurse: In preparing a meal for any one whose appetite is delicate, it should be made to look as tempting as possible. The tray should be covered with the whitest napkin, and the silver, glass and china should shine with cleanliness. There should not be to great a variety of viands, and but a very small portion of each one. Nothing more quickly disgusts a feeble appetite than a quantity of food presented at one time.

The patient never should be consulted beforehand as to what he will eat or what he will drink. If he asks for anything, give it to him, with the doctor's permission; otherwise prepare something he is known to like and offer it without previous comment. One of the chief offices of a good nurse is to think for her patient. His slightest want should be anticipated and gratified before he has time to express it. Quick observation will enable her to detect the first symptom of worry or excitement and to remove the cause. An invalid never should be teased with the exertion of making a decision. Whether the room is too hot or too cold; whether chicken broth, beef tea, or gruel is the best for his luncheon, and all similar matters, are questions which should be decided without appealing to him.

Household troubles should be kept as far as possible from the sick-room. Squabbles of children or servants never should find an echo there.

In the event of some calamity occurring, of which it is absolutely necessary the sufferer should be informed, the ill news should be broken as gently as possible, and every soothing device employed to help him bear the shock.

Above all, an invalid, or even a person apparently convalescent, should be saved from his friends. One garrulous acquaintance admitted for half an hour will undo the good done by a week of tender nursing. Whoever is the responsible person in charge should know how much her patient can bear, she should keep a careful watch on visitors of whose discretion she is not certain, and the moment she perceives it to be necessary, politely but firmly dismiss them.

She must carry out implicitly the doctor's directions, particularly those regarding medicine and diet. Strict obedience to his orders, a faithful, diligent, painstaking following of his instructions will insure to the sufferer the best results from his skill, and bring order, method and regularity into domestic nursing.

A Runaway Girl's Life of Misery.

The Sisters of the House of Mercy in Second street were awakened one summer night about two years ago by a timid ring at the door bell. They found a girl who asked

The Centre Reporter.

FRED. KURTZ.....EDITOR.

—0:—

CENTRE HALL, Pa., Aug. 28, 1879.

DEMOCRATIC NOMINATIONS.

FOR STATE TREASURER
DANIEL O. BARR, of Allegheny

IMPORTANT TO VOTERS.

The next election in Pennsylrania will be held on Tuesday, the 4th of November.

Voters must be assessed two months preceding the election, that is, on or before Thursday, September 4th.

Voters must have paid a state or county tax one month preceding the election, that is, on or before Saturday, October 4th.

Members of Democratic state, county, and city committees should see to it that every voter of our party has complied with the law.

Failure to pay tax in season deprives the voter of the privilege of suffrage. An elector can swear in his vote, though he be not assessed, but the neglect may cause him much trouble.

Carl Schurz has said that if Grant is nominated again he will oppose his election.

Very interesting as well as startling is the chapter in this issue of the REPORTER headed, "Rhode Island." Read it and reflect.

Conkling used to denounce the mythical shot-gun policy of the south, yet there never was such prompt submission to it as Conk himself showed up north the other day.

Three loyal states, Rhode Island, Kansas and California—inside three weeks—have taken the shot-gun disease. Now let the radical sheets howl.

The Pennsvalley (?) writer in last week's *Republican* shows by the vote he gives that commissioner Gregg was rather a popular candidate—yet the writer evidently does not mean it should be so.

The Union county democrats nominated the following ticket: For Sheriff—Samuel Himmelreich, For District Attorney—George A. Guyer, Esq. For Jury Commissioner—Ira Catherman.

Will Senator Conkling ever date talk in the senate about the southern shot-gun policy? He knocked under to it quicker than any nigger he ever read of.

The Centre Co. Pomona Grange, at its recent meeting in Centre Hall, comes boldly up to the defence of the State College and denounces the charges of the legislative committee as unfounded. They allege that the committee did not investigate at all.

The king killers seem to be after the Pope now, no doubt for the sake of variety, and to break in on the monotony of slaying kings. A telegram from Rome says the Pope has received an anonymous letter from Baltimore, warning against attempts to poison him. The letter contains so many references to the Pope's private life it is believed it was posted in America merely as a blind. An investigation is in progress.

In Rhode Island, a republican state, no naturalized foreigner can vote unless he owns real estate to the amount of $134. Some of these naturalized foreigners have served through the war, yet can not vote because they are poor. Yet in this same state a negro can vote if he has property that pays a tax of only one dollar. And this is in a freedom shrieking radical state of the north, where an ignorant negro, with scarce any property whether he was a soldier or not, is placed above an intelligent, naturalized white foreigner even if he served through the war, but is too poor to own real estate.

The peace of Europe seems to be hangs over again, and a little war cloud threatens Russia and Germany, the mutterings of which have been going on for several weeks. A dispatch dated St. Petersburg, Aug. 21 says an immense sensation has been caused by the simultaneous publication of articles in the *Moluva*, the *Newva*, *Vremja* and the *Golos* bitterly denouncing Germany and accusing Prince Bismarck of giving a moral support to Count Andrassy, with the view of providing a basis for a future Central European coalition against Russia. General Todleben, who has recently been sent to Poland and entrusted with the chief military command there, has been instructed to take all possible precautions for strengthening the fortresses.

The friends of Gen. Grant who are pushing him upon public notice for the Presidency, are not disposed to accept his declination poured in confidence into the ears of the viceroy of Tientsin and John Russell Young. They propose to go right ahead with the boom and regard the interview as of no importance as reflecting the sentiments of the great traveler. He has never been known to decline anything but the bull-pup, and as that unusual proceedings was traceable to the fact that express charges followed it is not regarded by those who are intimately acquainted with Grant as a precedent. The candidacy of Sherman does not in the least degree frighten them, as they reason that it only divides the opposition and gives his friends the greater opportunity to carry the convention by storm.

General Butler has found out that there are more political Pharisees to the square foot in Massachusetts than can exist in the same area, anywhere else in America.

Curious Political Scandals have been brought to the surface in Boston by the Wallace investigating committee, and the republicans do not like it.

A recent decision of court in Philadelphia is that, no matter how long the dissolution of a business firm may exist, there is no legal dissolution until after notice is given of the same through the columns of the county paper, and a private notice to all having open accounts with the firm at the time of dissolution.

[*Raleigh Observer* (*Dem.*), *August* 13.]

"Are you armed, sir?" and Conkling replied, "No, I'm not!" "Then," said ex-Governor Sprague, "I will give you five minutes to get off these premises, and if you are not away I will fire at you." And the daughter of Chief-Justice Chase stood between her husband, the ex-millionnaire and ex-Governor of Rhode Island, on the one side, and her friend, the leader of the Republican party and the fierce hater of Southern respectability on the other, and then ordered her children and her trunks to be sent to her at the hotel. And now we say had this thing happened at the South and among Southern people, there would be no end of gratuitous insults heaped upon us by Senator Conkling and his abettors, and we should have been told by a million or Northern voices to mend our plantation manners.

SHOT-GUN POLICY IN THE NORTH.

The shot-gun policy has spread from Rhode Island to San Francisco, (after a display in loyal Kansas,) and resulted in the shooting of Rev. I. S. Kolloch, the workingmen's candidate for mayor, by Chas. De Young, who made threats that he would force Kellock to withdraw. The greatest excitement prevailed in the city and the military had to be called out to prevent a fearful riot, as the workingmen's party were fearfully aroused by the shooting of their candidate, and turned out by thousands to avenge the shooting. De Young was placed in a fort for safety and strongly guarded. The workingmen could not be quieted until Kearney arrived from another town, having been telegraphed for, and counseled against violence.

Something like the shotgun policy has also crept into loyal Kansas with terrible results. A Kansas city dispatch gives the particulars thus:

About dusk Friday night a terrible tragedy was enacted in Wyandotte county, Kansas, ten miles from Kansas city, resulting in the deaths of James Dobbins and Michael Burns, old farmers and residents of the county. There had been a feud of ten years' standing between the families, and on Friday Dobbins and Burns met on the premises of the latter and after passing a few words the two shot at each other. It was a deadly duel with the wives and families of both as spectators. Dobbins opened fire by sending two balls into the side of the house, when Burns pulled his revolver and the men advanced to within two feet of each other before any more shooting took place. Dobbins then fired, hitting Burns in the arm, and in return received two bullets in the chest. Neither man fell, and Dobbins shot Burns through the abdomen, when the latter fell, but raising himself shot once more, the lead entering Dobbins' head behind the ear. The men then clinched and in a death grapple beat each other with clubbed revolvers. The wife of Dobbins tried to assist her husband, but he died while struggling with Burns, who also died about daylight this morning.

JUST THE THING.

The Quincy Whig of Illinois, goes one better than the Okolona chap. It says:

Every Republican knows that nothing could happen to this Republic that would be of such advantage to it as general and judicious slaughter of the Democrats at the polls. For this purpose there ought to be a Federal bayonet in every county in the United States at the next general election. There ought to be more, but there are unfortunately no more to be had. Every patriot, however—and every patriot is a Republican—ought to take a bayonet with him to the polls for the purpose of assisting the Federal army in the work of killing Democrats.

RABER'S MURDERERS.

SENTENCED TO DEATH—WISE MAKES A CONFESSION OF OTHER CRIMES.

Lebanon, Pa., August 18.—Four of the murderers of Joseph Raber, who was drowned in a small stream in this county last September, in order that the $10,000 insurance on his life might be secured, were sentenced to be hanged to-day. It was expected until this morning that Henry F. Wise, also convicted of participation in the murder, would be sentenced with the rest. But judgement was suspended in his case because of important revelations he had made to the District-Attorney and two of the commonwealth's lawyers. Wise was seated among his accomplices, but unlike them had his face buried in his hands during the progress of the proceedings. The names of the murderers sentenced are Charles Drews, Frank Stichler, Josiah Hummel and Israel Brandt. Drews and Stichler, who were employed to drown Raber and who performed the work, protested their innocence, and Brandt, who is believed to have been the main instigator of the crime, and Hummel said they had nothing to say at this time, but would speak when the proper time came. All received their sentences with that stoical indifference which characterized their conduct during the trial. Wise, who is a great coward, has been induced to make a confession in the hope that the State Board of Pardons will recommend him to the favorable consideration of the Governor and that the latter will respect its action. Wise's confession, which is of great length, reveals a large number of crimes of which the authorities had no knowledge, such as murders and robberies. He claims to have had no connection with the Raber murder but admits that he had been in the original plot to get the old man out of way by another method than drowning. He thought that the idea of murdering Raber had been abandoned, Drews, who was to play the principal part, having so informed him. Wise implicates an old man not yet arrested in the crime and gives minute details of the actions of the men in the neighborhood where the murder was done in their efforts to acquire wealth by insuring persons and then killing them. He also discloses numerous robberies committed by the gang of which he was a member. His confession is very damaging to Zechman, one of the alleged murderers of Raber, who was recently granted a new trial.

EXAMINE YOR LABELS.

All persons who send money for the REPORTER are hereby requested to examine the labels on their papers, and if the proper credit is not given within two or three weeks thereafter, they will please inform us by postal card, or otherwise, in order that any mistake, miscarriage or omission may be corrected, if possible. If such a matter is negiected for a time, it becomes difficult, and sometimes impossible, to discover the cause.

Prof. Falb, a native of Gratz, in Austris, who has been in Peru for the purpose of studying the earthquake phenomenon of that country, has reached San Francisco. He predicted an earthquake in Lima on the 2d of June last, and promptly to the time the city was convulsed with the most severe shock felt by the inhabitants during the past decade. While in Peru the Professor visited the famous fortress at Tiahuanuco, and found upon one of the gateways of the temple hieroglyphics which made it certain to his mind that that portion of the fortress at least had been built at a period anterior to that of the Incas. He also found conclusive evidence upon the arch of the gateway that the builders were versed in the mystic lore of Masonry. Professor Falb also noted a most marked resemblance between the language of the Indians of Peru and Bolivia and the dialects used by the Bedouins of the desert. He is, in fact, a firm believer that Peru was settled by voyagers from Tyre or some of the Phœnician States. Professor Falb visits California for the purpose of investigating the earthquake phenomena of the Pacific coast.

The war department has informed the Indian bureau that the Hualupai Indians of Northern Arizona, numbering about 1,000 persons are in a starving condition and have applied to the army officers in that locality for food. In reply the bureau has requested the Secretary to direct rations of meat and flour to be issued to them temporarily until provisions can be made for supplying their wants from the Indian office.

At Troy, J. P. Benson, while chasing a cat, ran against a tree, fractured his skull and died instantly.

Jack Gleason shot and killed William Kelker at Louisville, Ky., last week, in a quarrel about a young woman.

Eleven hundred emigrants arrived at New York on 13th. We have room for more.

The official census returns show that the population of Kansas on the 1st of March last was 849,978.

RHODE ISLAND.

THE INVESTIGATION OF THE WALLACE SENATE COMMITTEE.

A COMPREHENSIVE REVIEW OF THE EVIDENCE.

ALIENS AND POOR MEN HAVE NO POLITICAL RIGHTS IN RHODE ISLAND.

The sub-committee of the United States senate, which has been sitting at Providence, R. I., consists of Senators Wallace, McDonald, Platt and Blair. They are acting under Blaine's resolution of December, 1878, creating the Teller committee, which directed it to inquire "whether the right of suffrage was denied or abridged in any state," and "whether it is within the competency of congress to provide by additional legislation for the more perfect security of the right of suffrage to citizens of the United States in all the states."

The committee has now finished its investigation in Rhode Island and the result of its labors are as follows:

The constitution of Rhode Island contains a clause which disqualifies foreign-born naturalized citizens from voting unless they own $134 worth of real estate clear of incumbrance. The registry laws of the state do not allow foreigners to register without owning real estate. Owners of real estate need not register but native-born citizens and negroes who do not own property which is taxed $1 or upwards must register and pay $1 tax before they can vote. At the state census of 1875 the native-born population was 186,000; native-born voters, 37,000, or one in every five. The foreign-born population was 71,000 foreign-born voters qualified to vote by owning real estate, 5300, or

ONE IN EVERY FOURTEEN.

Thomas Darcy—A naturalized citizen a voter now; for ten years after being naturalized could not vote for want of owning land. Foreigners do not naturalize because they can't vote.

Colonel James Moran—Lived here twenty eight years; foreigner; naturalized; entered service of United States from Rhode Island under promises made by the state officials that foreigners who went into the service could vote when they came back; commissioned as second lieutenant; promoted to captaincy; served three years; honorably discharged; held an election for officials in Rhode Island in his company in the army but could not vote himself; was a voter once because he owned real estate has lost it and cannot vote now; been colonel in militia, and notary public; majority of the operatives in the mills are foreigners; are changed about and can't save money to buy homes.

William H. Joyce—Foreigner; naturalized; cannot vote; own no real estate; entered United States service in 1861, at first call; promoted from private to major; served honorably the whole war; am a Republican in politics; two-thirds of foreign-born population cannot vote because they own no real estate.

John M. Duffy—Went into service in United States army for Rhode Island in 1861; promoted from color sergeant to brevet lieutenant-colonel; served the whole war, drawing a pension of $15 per month for disability, but can't vote because own no real estate; no real estate required for negroes to vote.

John H. Porthouse—Englishman; a printer; never naturalized because he could not save money enough to buy a house or land to vote on; served through the war in the Third Rhode Island Artillery.

Henry F. Rogers—The city of Providence, under a law, took the property of forty-three citizens for public purposes; they were mostly foreign-born; many of them

LOST THEIR VOTES BY THIS,

and were not paid for their property until long afterwards.

A. N. Trudean—Born in Quebec; naturalized and a voter in Massachusetts; can't vote in Rhode Island for want of ownership of land; a jeweller.

William Von Mottschalk, M. D.—German, naturalized, but never voted; thinks the qualification required a degrading one; nearly all the Germans here are disqualified for want of land; think 9000 or 10,000 naturalized citizens in Providence are prevented from voting by this restriction; Republicans control the state and could amend the constitution if they would.

Charles H. Page—Connected with and a candidate of the Democratic party; been in nearly every Democratic state convention for fifteen years; in three fourths of them planks have been passed favoring giving suffrage to naturalized citizens on the same terms as to native-born voters; the Democratic party would be benefited by it and the Republicans would go out of power here hence they will not agree to it.

The Hon. Thomas Davis—Live in Providence; foreigner; naturalized forty-five years ago; seventy-five years old; a manufacturing jeweler, been in both branches of the legislature a number of times; member of congress from Rhode Island in 1853-4; then owned real estate. I am not now a qualified voter; I failed in business and the title to my property passed to assignees, and I cannot now vote, colored men now vote here like native-born whites, while every foreign-born citizen is excluded unless he owns real estate; the effect of this is bad; it makes the voters mercenary; wealth controls suffrage in Rhode Island money is all powerful here; it can overwhelm public sentiment at any time here; have been both a Republican and a Democrat, but always advocated the repeal of this restriction.

Thomas McMurrough—Naturalized; cannot vote; no real estate; am president of the Rhode Island Suffrage Association; presented a memorial praying for extension of suffrage to foreign-born citizens; father lived in Massachusetts, a naturalized citizen and a voter there; the line between the states was changed and we were thrown into Rhode Island; we cannot vote now, for we own no land; at least 5000 naturalized citizens in the state who cannot vote.

P. H. Carlin—Naturalized; cannot vote; no real estate; offered to vote in 1874 and was rejected; member of Suffrage Association.

Daniel Lonovan—Naturalized; came from Connecticut; lived in the United States since five years old; am a skilled mechanic; ten of us work together in one room in our factory; the highest grade room in it; six of the ten are foreigners and cannot vote for want of land; a house and lot to suit my family would cost me $3000.

Bernard Milkman—From Holland; naturalized; lived in Massachusetts from 1847 to 1870; voted there; cannot vote here because he has no real estate.

Peter Brucker—German; naturalized.

MANY GERMANS DISQUALIFIED

from voting, because they own no land.

William J. Miller—The registry tax of $1 on each non-property voter was the source of corruption.

Daniel T. Lyman—A Republican member of the legislature in 1870 71; an amendment of the constitution to repeal the land qualifications was passed by the legislature and submitted to the people then; it was understood by the Republicans of the legislature that it was to be passed through the assembly, but they would defeat it in the vote of the people, as it required a three-fifths vote; this was agreed on as the party policy of the Republican party.

Joseph A. Dailey—A native born; a registry voter; having no property; was at the election when the constitutional amendment, allowing foreign-born soldiers and sailors to vote without owning land was being voted on. In the morning the Republican ticket men were distributing tickets in favor of the amendment. About 9 o'clock this was stopped by order of a prominent Republican, and tickets against the amendment were distributed all the rest of the day; Democrats voted for the amendment.

John Francis Smith—Active in getting signatures to a memorial to congress praying for relief in regard to suffrage. Presented memorial to that effect signed by 739 foreign-born citizens.

Daniel Houlihan—Foreign; naturalized; served through the war; owned property and voted, but got in debt and lost his property by having to pay ten per cent. interest; not a voter now.

The Hon. A. B. Lewis—In every Democratic convention for fifteen years; in nearly all of them a declaration was made in favor of the amendment of the constitution on this subject.

John Agers—Naturalized; served in Rhode Island troops during war; was discharged for disability; have wife and eight children; can't buy a home—

TOO POOR AND CAN'T VOTE;

a home here would cost about $2000 been twenty-eight years in Providence.

P. M. Sorley—Naturalized; an honorably discharged Rhode Island soldier in the war; voted on property; lost my property and my vote; know many in same condition; have not voted for ten years; know of buying of votes for $5 or $10 apiece; bought by Republicans.

Carl Ernst, German—Naturalized—A Republican; editor of Providence Press, a daily Republican newspaper; not a voter; own no land; two persons out of nine ought to be voters here; there is only one voter in ten persons; 75,000 males over twenty-one in the state; 40,000 only registered voters, leaving 35,000 to be accounted for; only 5,000 of these are foreign-born voters, and the remainder are many of the floating population, but think there are from 10,000 to 15,000 persons entitled to vote who are disfranchised by the real-estate qualification.

The Hon. William Sprague, governor from 1860 to 1863—Senator for two terms. In 1861

THE STATE NEEDED SOLDIERS

to fill her quota, I convinced the assembly of the propriety of proposing an amendment to the constitution promising to give those of foreign birth who enlisted the right to vote; put it to the people with my proclamation; got enlistments on the faith of it, but it was not adopted by the people; restricted suffrage has a bad effect on the morals of the voters; money is the first qualification of a candidate for office here; no outlying political power, it is centered in the city, and parties are not what they are elsewhere; it is more of a personal matter here than in any other state.

INTIMIDATION AND BRIBERY.

D. B. Pond—Familiar with elections in Woonsocket; have seen agents of corporations come to the polls with their men; one man resigned his place to avoid being turned out for his political action; have seen agents of Harris Woollen Company and Social Company bring their men to the ballot box; they are Republicans; some of the men Democrats; some of the men asked for ballots the night before so as to be able to vote without being found by their employers; suspect money used at every election.

N. T. Verry—Woonsocket: have seen Republican employers take Democratic employes to the polls; have seen chips (faro bank tokens) of ivory in circulation on election day; two or three men were distributing them who were Republicans; those who received them were voters; it was near election polls; don't know what was stamped on them.

H. H. Robinson, Woonsocket—Saw Bennett, agent of the manufacturing company, bring twenty or twenty-five men to polls and watch them put their ballots in the box. At the last congressional election, Chase, agent of the Machine Company, brought voters in its employ, handed each man his vote in an envelope and watched him deposit it; understood among the men that if they voted the Democratic ticket their time was up; Bennett acts with the Republicans.

F. M. O'Reilly, Woonsocket—The representatives of the manufacturers in Woonsocket are generally Republicans; the owners are not residents; the agents, on the day of election, are very active in getting to the polls voters who work at their establishments; the voters are met at the entrance to the hall by men in the employ of those corporations with ballots; they are followed to the ballot-box, so that there is no chance for them to change ballots; the vote is in an envelope; the voter cannot tell what the envelope contains; he takes the envelope and deposits it; I remember

NO ELECTION WHERE THIS HAS NOT BEEN PRACTICED.

The envelopes are used mainly by operatives; a few operatives, who do not care whether they lose their situations or not, vote openly; other citizens, who have nothing to fear, vote openly; sometimes a man will be escorted by some one who takes him by the arm; sometimes half a dozen men will be watching one man; there are frequently complaints by Democratic operatives, they say they are supplied with tickets and requested to vote them, they vote the Republican ticket because they are afraid of losing their employment if they do not, parties have been threatened with losing places if they vote wrong.

J. M. Baily, Woonsocket—Have attended the election for five years, have known men employed in the Woonsocket machine shops to be marshalled up in squads and compelled while they went through the crowd in the hall to hold their hands up high, so that the ballots could be seen, a man named Chase watched them, I saw him march up two squads in that way, that was at the last congressional election, the men were employes of the Machine Company; know that some of them were Democrats, they came to our headquarters and got ballots, they had befooled their employers before, they would get one of our ballots and have it in their pocket, then they would take the ballot given them by their employers and put that in their pocket, when they took them out they would take the Democratic ballot and leave the other. This time the company was too smart for them, they made them hold up their hands till the ballot was deposited. The men said, after they had voted, they caught us this time, they would not let us put our hands down; the agents are very active among their employes, have seen Mr. Sampson take men by the arm and march them up to the ballot-box, and put an envelope in ther hands and see that they deposit it, Mr. Sampson takes charge of the Social Company's help, the men who were

OBLIGED TO HOLD UP THEIR HANDS

came up in carriages, three or four in a carriage, Sampson would receive the men from the drivers, these men had families, if they lost their places their families would suffer.

William Teston, Woonsocket—Intimidation is carried on at all elections in Woonsocket, at the last election for congress parties came to me and said they were afraid to vote openly, they wanted me to get ballots, the candidate for congress was Latimer W. Ballou; the man who came to me said he expected to be bulldozed if he did not vote the Republicket, at the last election the Woonsocket Machine Company had their overseer within two feet of the ballot-box handing ballots to the men who worked for him, his name was Charles Chase, one man was discharged because he would not peddle ballots, his name was Albert Haker; Chase handed votes to men that we knew were Democrats. I cannot say anything about the use of money of my own knowledge, when money is used the parties cover it up, I told operatives of the Enterprise Company that I would send teams for them to come and vote, they said they would rather I did not, as if their employers saw the Democratic teams they would see that they did not come, or, if they did, would make them vote the Republican ticket.

Michael Norton, Woonsocket—naturalized in 1875, last spring, I voted the Democratic ticket, the overseer asked me why I did it, told him it was my principle, he said he would be ashamed to vote the Democratic ticket, told him I was not ashamed, would do it again, I did vote the Democratic ticket again in June, he asked me if I did, told him I did, he said, 'Why don't you peddle rum?' I said, "Because I won't," he said, "I don't want such a man round," I said, "Go to hell," he said, 'Clear out," and I left, was out of work five weeks, work now for the town; the overseer was Mr Hawkes, he would bring in Democratic tickets, cut the names all off and put on the names on the Republican ticket.

Washington has a 60,000 defaulter in a bank cashier.

The boiler of a steam tug exploded on the Ohio killing 4 men.

For the Reporter.

Hon. F. Kurtz:—Your paper of Aug. 14th contains a perversive article, written by proxy and signed by one whose personal friend I have always been. Said article avers that my Nebraska letters are misrepresentations. Truthfulness has been one of the principles of my life, and, to my present knowledge, no one has ever charged me with such motives before. Bearing false witness is a sin I will never have to account for. I will not reply to his article as it deserves. Some look for a reply on the principle of "an eye for an eye." The majority for a manly reply in a Christian spirit. So it shall be. I would not notice it at all if it were not that it strikes at a principle I hold inviolable.

With this principle in view and not unmindful of the fact that I am accountable to a higher than an earthly tribunal, I will give my reply. I cannot recant. I have said, and will say nothing but what I can sustain by competent authority.

The sum and substance of the article is burlesque and not argument. One of the most sinful deceptions that can be perpetrated is to sign an article written by proxy. For want of time I will not quote much.

We learn from the article that my letters are misrepresentations. Nos. 1 and 2 are confined to the rivers, valleys, population, etc. They are geographical facts and the population as well as that portion of the earth's surface will have to be removed before you can invalidate the first two letters. There, we prove his assertions untrue in part already. I never assayed to force my statements on the people of any county. To the intelligent, I have been neither force nor argument. By implication we learn from the article that hundreds have returned. Incorrect. Name ten families who have returned and spoken of the people of Nebraska as you have. Literally we learn from the article that those who returned did misrepresent. Let me quote here to sustain this: "And ones who have no object in misrepresenting things as found there." According to his own assertion, they did misrepresent but had no object in doing so, and yet in the same article we learn that man seldom acts without an object.

You must get a better Prox next time you want to step out on the literary arena. Such logic over your signature, reaching half the states of the Union will not do. Say to him, "your occupation, like Othello's, is gone." The reference to fictitious literature is an unmanly thrust. No true Christian countenances it.

My motive is not to induce people to go West. Not specially so. I do not say so in any of my letters. Neither do I say anything against my native state. Suspicious people are always suggesting motives. They act towards everybody as if they were ready to cheat them at the first opportunity. As the poet says of the fugitive, "in every bush he sees an officer." The honest man believes in the integrity of some at least.

I had an object in view in writing those letters. It would be wrong to say I had not. It was for accommodation and not for compensation. Many say, "tell us all about Nebraska for we can rely upon what you say." Many have gone, letters are being received weekly in which they express their satisfaction. I will refer the reader to some of them before I close. I cannot answer all by letter with regard to the West, hence I do it through the press. I do not expect a cent for it. Peculiarly I lose by it, but am always ready to do friends a favor. Individually I do not own a foot of land there, have no selfish motive in writing, hence the fable of the spider and the fly is very inoppertune. Let me quote again, "If the land is so good, etc." Literally we are not told that the land is poor, but it is manifestly implied. Here are facts that will convince any unprejudiced mind of the fertility of the soil. It is black alluvium, the depos. it of ages. Much of it has been farmed successively for ten to fifteen years without the application of fertilizers, and yet the average production is 17 bushels of wheat, 40 bushels of corn (shelled). Remember this is the average.

Again, this from good authority. The *Rural New Yorker* says, in advising nurserymen to import a car load of soil to grow the most delicate plants in, "Send on your order, you need take no precaution. Tell them to dig the first ground they meet and send it on. Although there are a few spots where poor soil may be found, the mass of it is rich."

The *American Agriculturalist* says: "Nearly the whole of the state is of unsurpassed fertility." Prof. Augby says: It will be exhausted until every hill and valley are washed away."

Again we are asked why so many young men of talent, etc., after a fair trial return disgusted. In a few honorable cases, which are exceptions, this is true as in any county where fortune seems to frown upon every effort, and a few years of honest toil men are obliged to see the homes they sought to own pass into the hands of others, apparently no fault of theirs. It is ever so, but in the West in the majority of cases it is as Mr. L. J. Burch, editor of a leading Chicago paper, says: "The Nomads—a restless, wandering, visionary tribe who never stay long in any country, and who have always a land of promise before them—have generally drifted off towards Colorado or the Black Hills or some other Utopia to dream away their years of unsatisfied longing for golden lands. They were a drawback to the state, left nothing behind them but emptiness and carried with them nothing but the unsavory odor of failure and doubt. Still another class of shiftless, thriftless fellows came, who never struck a sturdy blow, never owned a foot of land, never contributed a dime to the wealth of any country, took a homestead, turned a few furrows, abandoned their claim for a long visit to their wives' relatives, and fortunately for the country never returned. These are the men who gave the country a fair trial. But remember I made some exceptions.

I did not refer to him at all when I spoke of the homesick. His was another reason, but that is his business, not mine. But I do not, never will allow any man to justify his return by misrepresenting my motive as well as the people and interests of any state. There is not a personal reflection in any of my letters, therefore no call for the ventilation of his rage.

Again we learn that a poor man has not half a chance to make a living there. Erroneous. I will let one speak who has studied the labor question. There is reason in it.

"The great labor strike of 1877, in a population of 300,000, scarcely disturbed the even tenor of industrial ways in Nebraska. The subjugation of this vast field, the building of mills, homes, school-houses, churches, towns, factories, bridges and railways, offer the finest openings to the unemployed laborers of the East. Mechanical labor is nearly always in demand at remunerative prices. If the laborer is dissatisfied with his wages he can take a homestead for himself without money and without price."

In saying such people would not settle in a poor country, I referred to the Omish. Their history in this country proves it. I need no argument. We admit there may be some there who would return if they could, but, sincerely speaking, I never saw nor heard of a single family in all my travels there; but it is also true that there are many in the county in which I live and some in your county who would not be here two months if they had the means to go or could sell their property. I will furnish a list of names of those in this county to any one who applies. They are not persuaded to go by the men whom Prox would almost stigmatize, but by their own friends and neighbors who are there, who are doing well, and who urge them to come. They are Christian men and women who would not urge them to come if things were as you and Prox represent them to be. They write from different states in the West, prominent among them a minister of wide reputation as a man of integrity, both in your county and in this. He lives not very far south of Lincoln, Neb. The names of many of the above class will also be furnished if desired.

That the chances of some for starving are good and that the majority are obliged to stay there is ridiculously absurd and without the shadow of a foundation. If you would not make such positive statements, and thus encourage the people to think of everything, reducing them to the point of utter hopelessness and helplessness some would credit your report. But so they cannot. Commiseration! starvation! Let us see! The letters we see in the REPORTER from the West are very encouraging.

Mulvain, Kerlin, Larimer, Zettle, Herbrick, Riddle, Anderson, Kenyon, Grady, Wilson, Briscoe and five or six others, in the immediate vicinity where you lived, between your place and Lincoln have been there long enough to give the country a fair trial, have an abundance of corn, wheat and pork, with a few exceptions live in eight good houses, every one of them able to leave the state, but a number of them bought more land this year and those of them who do not own land told me they would do so soon. Does this look like being obliged to stay? Why is it that you, having been in Nebraska less than one year, and never having examined the land and condition of the people over more than twenty square miles of the state of Nebraska, and never having become acquainted with any of its representative men, say that many are nearly starving and the majority obliged to stay when those whom I have mentioned never hear of such things existing at present? The same may be said of the majority in eastern and southern Nebraska.

The commission of ministers who went to Nebraska about a year ago to look up the interests of the Lutheran Church, say, in concluding their remarks, "all say we have not been in want since we came to the state."

On page 26 of the minutes of our General Synod, 1878, in the Emigrant Missionary's Report you will fined this language: "Page after page could be filled with letters from these emigrants thanking us for what has been done for them through our agency, AND ESPECIALLY FOR HAVING SENT THEM TO NEBRASKA. WHERE THE CLIMATE IS SO HEALTHY, THE LAND SO CHEAP AND PRODUCTIVE, AND THE FUTURE SO FULL OF PROMISES."

Starvation is it? Now who misrepresented? Any one of the above is sufficient to redeem me from his aspersion.

But, once more. The wheat crop of 1878 was 15,000,000 bushels—fifty bushels for every inhabitant. The corn crop was over 35,000,000. The wheat crop was more than the combined wheat crop of Maine, New Hampshire, Vermont, Massachusetts, Connecticut Delaware, and Maryland.

Wheat now 75c and corn 25c. The idea of starvation and compulsion in such a place is absurd. Remember he says the majority stay because they have to.

He ridicules the idea of drainage. Adjust your specs and look again. You quoted wrongly. I said natural drainage, a term used by all writers, and if you look you will see in one of my letters I mentioned that the surface dries out very quickly. But the fear of farmers now is rather too much rain than drouth, but the system of natural drainage will guard the crops against drowning out. I gave the number of inches of rainfall in another letter. It shows that his objection mentioned is a myth. He was in Nebraska one summer, I was there part of the same summer about three weeks. There was more rain than necessary. For proof I refer you to the citizens of Thayer county. I said the social and religious element is the wonder of newcomers. It is true. I meant for a country in its infancy, and thought all so understood it. I did not think it necessary to explain to any reader of the REPORTER that I so meant. But when you speak to some people of a two-edged sword it seems necessary to say that it is an instrument that cuts both ways.

They have not the church facilities we have here, excepting in the oldest settlements in the state. I wish I had the space to give the data of religion there, but if any one doubts that it is, comparatively, advancing rapidly I can refer him to ministers for proof of it. There is a flourishing congregation of Presbyterians in the vicinity where Mr. R. lived. They are served by an efficient pastor every night. But I suppose I would better not say how much interest some who protest against Sabbath desecration took in the exercises, so I will put a period here. I said the rowdy element had not obtained a foothold. I repeat it. A rowdy is a rioter and not one who occupies grain and fishes, as nearly every reader of the REPORTER knows. Therefore he makes no point by his comment on rowdyism. I admitted that some work on Sunday when I mentioned and did not deny it. I showed how I would reconcile the two by saying the Sabbath is desecrated here. Your article was written on the Sabbath unless figures are not true. I could cite many instances but have not time. That it exists to a greater degree there than here I do not deny. That it is wrong I admit but it had nothing to do with my assertion concerning rowdyism. Work on the Sabbath there will grow less every year. It has nothing to do, however, with the religious element I spoke of. That class of people were at religious services and not in the field.

Yes, I well remember preaching in a school house, to an attentive, respectable looking audience. I spoke of Sabbath desecration, too. You say my discourse was accompanied by the hum of a reaper. I take that to mean that we could hear it. I heard none. On the way home I saw one at work about two miles away. If the grain belonged to a minister I am not aware of it. The nearest minister lives about four miles away and I am sure he neither cut grain nor authorized others to do it.

This is the lowest "stoop" to get an argument against religion and against a brother's character I have ever met. "Don't catch at straws." That there were thirty reapers in operation that Sunday is only a report, as you say. If it were so it would be bad for the people of Lancaster county and for your argument, too, for you say many are bordering on starvation, if this is true what were they cutting and where the necessity of getting out so many reapers on Sunday? The remainder of that paragraph needs no comment, for I have proved you incorrect in my five proofs against the necessity of starvation and staying in the state.

One more question remains to be answered. I answered it two years ago. Whenever the hand of God points in another direction I am ready to go. I can make more money in the West than here. I have been offered more remunerative charges than the one I have, but my choice is here. Wherever I can be the most useful I want to stay. We are getting along agreeably here and there is no necessity for a change just now.

You did not need to tell the people that I do not live in Nebraska. My first letter gives my residence. I have an interest in a farm in Nebraska, but individually I do not own a foot of land there. We are not offering that farm for sale or we would advertise it. Therefore do not be suspicious. A low stoop for another argument. Now let every one who has read your letter read this carefully. The proofs are facts. I did not misrepresent, you or Prox did. You began this personal matter. I have used more charitable language than you deserve. I am not so much offended as you are at your substitute for it will believe he used language that you knew nothing of until in print. If there is any more denial made after the authority given in this letter but one way remains, viz: to submit your article and mine to many prominent citizens of Nebraska, and let them say who speaks the truth. That will settle the question. A. A. KERLIN.

McAlvy's Fort, Aug 19, 1879.

[We would prefer this "controversy" to close.—ED.]

IMPORTANT TO HUNTERS.

Now that the hunting season has fairly opened, the following information, compiled from the game laws, will be found to be of interest. In order to avoid trouble, gunners should cut this out for ready reference during the shooting season.

Squirrels—September 1 to January 1
Rabbits—October 15 to January 1.
Wild duck and geese—September 1 to May 15
Wild turkeys—October 15 to January 1.
Upland or grass plover—July 15 to January 1.
Ruffled grouse, pheasant or pinnated grouse—October 1 to January 1.
Woodcock—July 4 to January 1.
Quail or Virginia partridge—October 15 to January 1.
Deer—October 1 to December 16.

It is unlawful to shoot at any time a nighthawk, whippoorwill, sparrow, thrush, martin, lark, finch, chimney swallow, barn swallow, woodpecker, flicker, robin, oriole, red or cardinal bird, cedar bird, tanager, cat bird, blue bird, or any insectiverous bird under a penalty of five dollars each, or to destroy their eggs or nests under a penalty of ten dollars for each offense. A trap, net, snare, or torchlight cannot be used in taking wild turkeys, ruffed grouse, pheasant, partridge or woodcock, or rail or reed bird or pinnated grouse under a penalty of ten dollars for each offense.

Frank Leslie's Popular Monthly for September is, as usual, filled with delightful reading matter and exceedingly beautiful embellishments and will be heartily welcomed wherever it goes. The opening "Napoleon IV." is an elaborate and very interesting history of the Prince Imperial, with his portrait and over a dozen illustrations. "Presented at Court" is an article descriptive of the English Court and the Ceremony of Presentation. It is profusely illustrated, as is also "The Story of the Resolute," the old Arctic exploring ship, which formed part of Sir Edward Belcher's expedition in search of Sir John Franklin. "The Alpine Climbing, its Pains and Perils," "In the Sea Purse Land," by Lieutenant-Colonel Cospello, and "A Glimpse at the Inner Life of Mexico," by Nugent Robinson, are admirable illustrated papers and will well repay the reader. The department of fiction is unusually rich; the interesting serial, "The Golden dawn," is concluded, and there are several stories by popular authors possessing peculiar merit. Among the most noteworthy are "La Contessa La Varina," "Theresa," "The Mystery," "A Life Sacrifice," "The Young Lady from Boston," etc., etc. "There are a variety of well-written sketches. Poems by Eliza Cook, Eliza W. Pierce, J. Warren Newcomb, Jr., and others, and an old style ballad, "The Children in the Wood," very quaint and very pleasant reading. There is also an abundant miscellany, embracing all sorts of subjects both instructive and entertaining. The 128 quarto pages are, in a literary and artistic point of view, supersexcellent. The price of a single copy is only 25 cents, and the annual subscription $3; six months $1 50; four month $1. Address, Frank Leslie's Publishing house, 53, 55, and 57 Park Place, New York.

A Dividend of two and a half per cent. has been declared on the capital stock of the Bald Eagle Valley R. R., out of the earnings of the last six months.

What it Does. Kidney-Wort moves the bowels to regularity, cleanses the blood, heals inflamation and radically cures kidney disease, gravel, piles, billlous headache, and pains which are caused by disordered Liver and Kidneys. The worst cases of piles are soon cured by this medicine.

A shoemaker, named Winters, of Harrisburg, who lost his hearing during an engagement in the rebellion, suddenly recovered it while bathing a few days ago.

68,875 barrels of oil were burned in the Parker fire.

The bad effects of imprudence in eating and drinking are speedily removed, and the depression following eating it quickly banished by the of D

THE CENTRE REPORTER.

Centre Hall, Pa, Th'rsd. Aug. 28, '79.

TERMS.—$2 *per year, when paid in advance;* $2.50 *when not paid in advance. Advertisements* 20cts *per line for three insertions, and* 5 *cents per line for every subsequent ingertion. Advertisements by the year at a liberal discount.*

Subscribers outside the county should remit us 10 *cts, amount of one year's postage, instead of* 20cts *as formerly when paid by themselves.*

Subscribers can always tell how their accounts stand at the Reporter office by consulting the lables on their papers. If the lable reads "John Roe 1 jan '75" it means that John is indebted for subscription from the 1st of January, 1875, and that it is time he was paying the printer.

LOCAL ITEMS.

LODGE MEETINGS.

CENTRE HALL LODGE, No. 895, I. O. of O. F., meets every Saturday evening in the Odd Fellows Hall.
G. L. GOODHART, Sec'y. W. R. FROM, N. G.

OLD FORT LODGE, No. 857, F. & A. M., meets on Monday evening on or before each full moon in the Masonic Hall.
C. F. HERLACHER, Sect. J. J. ARNEY, W. M.

PROGRESS GRANGE, No. 96, P. of H., meets at their Hall, Centre Hall on the Saturday on or before full moon at 2 P. M. and every two weeks after. Jas. A. Keller Master. LEONARD RHONE, Sect.

—There will be no services in the Presbyterian church in Centre Hall on Sabbath the 24 Aug 1879.

T. A. ROBINSON, Paster.

—Rev. J. K. Miller will fill the pulpit for Rev. Fischer, during his absence, as follows: At Centre Hall, Sabbath morning, 31st, and in the Loop same day, afternoon. In the Union church Sabbath 2.30 p. m., Sept. 7, and in the morning in George's valley church.

—Had heavy rains from early Monday morning until night.

— Nice Peaches and sweet potatoes at the popular grocery of Sechler & Co.

—The annual pic-nic of the Centre Co Patrons, on Nittany Mt., near Centre Hall, Sept. 25.

—The annual soldiers re-union at Pleasant Gap, Sept. 6.

—The number of persons from this valley on the Union Co. harvest home excursion is reported to us at 300 to 350. The attendance from Union county was large.

—Clothing made to order at Newman's who has the services of one of the best Philadelphia tailors—and all work warranted to fit at prices the lowest.

—Jacob Dinges has purchased of Henry Boozer the mail route between Centre Hall and Spring Mills, and will carry goods and passengers.

—Mrs. Krise, living a few miles from here, was gladdened the other day by the receipt of $1500 pension money for a son killed in the army. The matter was successfully managed by Esq. Shannon.

—Wm. F. Reber, Esq., has been appointed court reporter. He is amply qualified for the duties of the post. We congratulate him upon his appointment.

—Henry Boozer has bought Jacob Dinges' saddler establishment, together with the good will.

—AUCTION! every evening at Guggenheimer's store, Centre Hall, when Ready-made Clothing will be offered for sale.

—Will Curry and James Horner lessened the number of snakes the other day by 15—2 copperheads, 2 garters and 11 rattlers.

—A silverwatch, $6 and some articles of goods were stolen from Barnes' store at Pleasant Gap, a short time ago. This is the third time that establishment has been broken into and robbed within as many years.

—Two men, Geo. H. Weaver and Wm. Brown, engaged in painting at the Bush house, by the tilting of a scaffle board went down 60 feet. No bones broken. Weaver however was the worst hurt.

—Newman is now putting out his stock of summer clothing at a trifle above cost. This gives a grand opportunity to get a good suit, at low prices. Go at once before the stock is sold off, and you will make the best bargain of your life. No better assortment in the county and the only place where clothing is being sold off in order to close out the stock. Go at once it will pay you.

—Mr. Henry Reece, of Buffalo Run, in attempting to jump from a stack of grain onto a board beneath, made a miss step, and was thrown onto a separator. The machine was in operation, and one of his feet was terribly mangled and nearly torn off, so says the *Republican.*

—Henry Boozer having purchased the stock belonging to saddler shop of Jacob Dinges leaves him as the only one carrying on that business in this section and he is prepared for all orders. Mr. Boozer will keep a full line of everything. Fly nets are now offered at cost His charges will always be found reasonable.

—All fine groceries, canned goods, pickels, sauces, oils, oranges, lemons, cranberries, &c., at Sechler's, and strictly pure spices. They handle no impure or adulterated goods of any kind. We free ly and cheerfully testify to this as a fact and from our own experience.

—There will be a Methodist campmeeting in Meek's woods, near Pine Grove, commencing Sept. 11 continuing one week. Mr. Meek who lives quite near will be prepared to furnish at reasonable rates boarding and lodging to all who may desire the same, also stabling and feed for horses.

—For the ladies! On Friday evening 29, will be sold ladies, goods exclusively, at Guggenheimer's Centre Hall store. The ladies of this town and vicinity are respectfully invited to be present, as great bargains will be offered.

—Queensware of the best quality and in great variety, at Sechler's. They carry a full line and are able to supply all trade. They sell in sets or a single piece of any desired shape or pattern; also yellow and Rockingham ware, all sizes and shapes, and prices greatly reduced.

—The Duck real estate, in Brushvalley was knocked off last Thursday at public sale as follows: The old homestead, 128 acres, to Amos Ziegler at $2,113.33; that known as the old Peter Ziegler farm 162 acres at $7.249; the tract of 26 acres at $661.25; a timber tract in little Zugar valley, 84 acres, to Frank Weaver at $625; a 26 acre tract of mountain land to J. H. Reifsnyder at three dollars.

—The Bush house is having a big run of custom. Mr. Hoppes and his gentlemanly clerk. Mr Bigony, are giving it a reputation equal to any hotel in the state.

— Send you order to Jno. T. Lee if you want a good buggy, spring or other kind of wagon. He turns out some of the best in the county.

—Mr A. Alexander, of Millheim, we regret to learn, is again seriously ill

PIMPLES AND BLOTCHES on the face can be removed by rubbing with Camphor Milk. It only is 25 cts. per bottle J. D. Murray, Centre Hall. 7 aug 4t

—Go to your store or druggist and get a bottle of Frank P. Green's compound syrup of tar, honey and bloodroot, the best remedy out for a cough, cold, croup, asthma, or early stage of consumption. Phœnix Pectoral will cure your cough. Phœnix Pectoral cures hoarseness quickly. Phœnix Pectoral tastes good and brings rest.
Phœnix Pectoral costs 25 cts; 6 bottles $1. Sold by J. D. Murray, Centre Hall.

—A new double thread shuttle sewing machine, works by hand or treadle, for sale or trade at this office. Warranted.

—Letter Heads, Business Cards, Envelopes, Bill Heads, Circulars, Posters and all kinds of Job Work done for one-fourth less than anywhere else in the county, at this office.

AARONSBURG.—Col. Coburn is improving his premises with a handsome iron fence and additions to his house. Thomas Hull is about to erect a new house on 2nd street. B. F. Philips intends to become a farmer again next spring.

—Bauland is off to New York and in a few days will astonish the natives with the finest and most complete assortment of dry goods ever brought to Bellefonte. The Beehive has thus far token the lead and Bauland seems determined that it shall sustain its reputation as the best place in the county for low prices and finest, best and largest assortment of dry-goods.

—Typhoid fever seems to be prevailing in the vicinity of State College. There are quite a number of cases, among others, Mr. Thomas Forster, the well known tobacco agent.

—Mrs. Shannon M'Cormick of near State College, on last Sunday, while on her way to church was thrown from the buggy by the horse taking fright, and sustained some severe bruises.

—Stoneware in all sizes, shapes, and styles, a stock of thousands of gallons on hand; the best ware made in the United States. Merchants supplied at very close prices, at Sechler's, grocers, fruiters, and confectioners, in the Bush House block, the most complete grocery store in this county.

—The store of Jonathan Hess, at Pine Grove, was entered on Friday night last, by prying open the door. The thieves got possession of the key, to the safe and opened it. A tin cash box with about $25 was left untouched and an empty one taken instead. Beyond a little change, nothing further was missed.

—Go to Frank Green's drugstore in the Bush house block, if you desire pure and fresh drugs and medicines—he has the oldest establishment in this section of the state.

—Court has been largely attended this week. Tuesday was occupied by two fornication and bastardy cases, and about half a dozen petty assault and battery cases. One boy got 1 year in the penitentiary for stealing a suit of clothes The Herdick case will be tried on Thursday. Capt. Jno. A. Hunter is foreman of the grand jury.

—The Commissioners have appointed the following collectors for 1879: Bellefonte Boro., J. M. Keichline. Howard Boro., Robt. Cook, Jr. Milesburg Boro., H. B. Miles. Unionville Boro., A. N. Russel. Benner twp., W. A. Taylor. Burnside twp, D. M. Stewart. College twp., Wm. Foster. Curtin twp., Henry Theil. Ferguson twp., Geo. W. Keichline. Gregg twp., Cyrus Lose. Haines twp., Jac. Bower, Jr. Halfmoon twp., J. H. Griffin. Harris twp., B. Stem. Howard twp., J. M. Kline. Huston twp., D. W. Kline. Marion twp., J. J. Hoy. Miles twp., Geo. B. Haines. Patton twp, Daniel Heckman. Penn twp., C. Alexander. Potter twp., J. W. Mersinger. Rush twp., Jno. B. Long. Spring twp., John Garbrick. Taylor twp., Beckwith. Union twp., William Spotts. Walker twp., David Yocum. Worth twp., Geo. R. Williams.

—Most of those fine rigs you see running in all parts the county are turned out at Lee's coach shops in Centre Hall. His work is all warranted and at prices that defy competition. Experienced and skill full workmen are always in his employ.

It was a mistake that Nellie Grant Sartoris had died—it was her mother-in-law, Mrs. Sartoris that died.

Fifty Millions of dollars, or fifty dollars for every man, woman and child in the State, is what the Minnesotans expect from their wheat crop this year.

The hard, brassy appearance in some colored butter is never seen when dairymen use the Perfected Butter Color of Wells, Richardson & Co., Burlington, Vt. It is not unfavorably acted on by milk, in any state of sweetness. It is best applied by working it in with a very little white sugar.

MURDER IN PERRY COUNTY.

Jealousy the Cause.

One of the most atrocious and premeditated murders that ever ocurred in Perry county was committed at the residence of Henry Hammaker, at Montgomery's Ferry, in Buffalo township, ten miles from Newport, along the Susquehanna river, on Thursday morning last, about eight o'clock, information of which was brought to Newport about half past ten, by E. K. Bitting, who notified Coroner Zinn.

A young man named W. K. Miller, an employee in the Pennsylvania railroad shops at Harrisburg, was shot and almost instantly killed by Samuel E Albright, a notorious character in the neighborhood of Montgomery's Ferry, and who has been indicted for stealing meat, and other crimes committed in the neighborhood of the Ferry. He was never tried for the offences charged to him, because of his absence in Texas, and it was but recently that he made his appearance in his old neighborhood.

It seems that Albright had at one time been a lover of Maria B. Hammaker, a sister of Mr. Henry Hammaker, who recently resented his love advances, having found a man who pleased her much better Maria lived out at service with a Harrisburg family, and there it was that she became acquainted with Mr. Miller, who was a young widower. The acquaintance ripened into love, and eventually a marriage was consumated between the two, about three weeks ago. Mr. and Mrs. Miller arrived at the residence of Mr. Hammaker on Wednesday evening, on their wedding trip, intending to return again on Friday, little thinking that his return would be as a corpse and at the hands of an assassin.

Albright called at the house of Mr. Hammaker, he said, for the purpose of assisting Mr. Noviock to thresh grain, and, after being introduced to Miller, he handed Mr. Miller a letter and immediately fired two shots at Miller, both of which struck his person, and either one of which would have terminated his existence. Albright then took deliberate aim at Mrs. Miller, but by the interference of Mrs. Hammaker the shot missed its mark, leaving the lady unharmed.

He then left the premises for the mountain pursued by a Mr. Silks and Mr. Novick; but by the presence of a pistol in the hands of the villain he escaped. Word was at once sent to Newport, as above stated.

In about an hour after the shooting Albright was seen lurking about the barn by some of the woman folks, but before the alarm could be given he had disappeared in a cornfield and fled to the mountains.—*Newport Ledger.*

A LONG BRIDGE.

The largest bridge in Europe will be completed next year. It will cross the Volga in the government of Samara, Russia, on the Siberian railroad line. The Volga, at the point of the bridge, is about four miles wide in the spring, and in the autumn is 4,732 feet. The bridge will be supported by twelve piers 85 feet high, at a distance of every 364 feet. The ice cutters are covered with granite. The iron work is from Belgium. A temporary colony is established for workingmen employed on the bridge; it occupies about 55 acres and has 60 different buildings, insured at 100,000 roubles. Two thousand men are employed, and among them are one hundred Italian masons. Three steamers and seventy barks are used constantly for forwarding wood, stone, iron and other materialt. The bridge will cost about $3,500,000.

HYDROPHOBIA

A Boy Dies in Great Agony—A Young Man Attacked.

Chicago, August 11.—An apparently well defined case of hydrophobia is reported as having occurred in this city yesterday. The victim was Benny W. Hawkins, aged nine years, who, while playing with a favorite dog, became innoculated with poison by contact of saliva from the animal with a fresh cut or scratch on the hand, and died in great agony after a brief illness. The alarming feature of the case is the fact that the dog was to all appearances perfectly harmless, having manifested no symptoms either before or since the communication of disease.

Tiffin, O., August 11.—Mr. Alex. McKitrich, a young man of twenty-eight years, was fourteen years since bitten by a mad dog, and at the time was treated in the usual way with such cases, until he was supposed to be cured and safe. Lately he has been afflicted with inflammatory rheumatism, and it left the body and went to the brain, and rendered him crazy. Saturday he was seized with a spasm very much resembling hydrophobia, frothing at the mouth, barking like a dog and snapping at everything within reach. These spasms have been repeated several times, and growing worse until there can be no doubt of the presence of hydrophbia, and it must have come from the bite of that rabid dog fourteen years ago.

CHEAP FACTORY ICE.

It is Made in Georgia at a Cost of Eighty-five Cents a Ton.

(Augusta (Ga.) Chronicle.)

The Arctic Ice Company are now turning out between ten and twelve thousand pounds of ice per day, which they are under contract to deliver at half a cent a pound. The process employed by the company is said to be the cheapest known to science at the present day. The cost of manufacturing ice here is only eighty-five cents a ton, or about four cents and a quarter a hundred pounds. As it is sold in bulk at ten dollars a ton the margin of profit is nine dollars and fifteen cents on each two thousand pounds. This is ahead of California gold mining. The ice comes out in huge oblong blocks, thirty-two inches in length and twelve inches square There is space in the freezing chest (so to speak) for four hundred and eighty of these blocks, amounting in weight to thirty thousand pounds. As it requires seventy-two hours, however, from the time the water is poured into the cans until it is turned out again in solid ferm, only one-third of the quantity is produced daily. It is the intention of the company to double the capacity of the works in a very short time. The blocks in the new chest will be only six inches thick, and as they will freeze much more rapidly than these of double the thickness, the daily production will be correspondingly great.

The process by which the freezing is accomplished requires about fifty pounds of liquid ammonia to be stored in a very strong iron cylinder, and this is connected with a coil of pipes immersed in a tank of strong brine; into this galvanized iron cans holding pure water are placed, and these cans are of the size of the blocks of ice which are formed. The liquid ammonia is allowed to flow through these coils, and it gradually becomes gaseous, and in becoming so attracts from the water so much heat that it speedily freezes. A powerful steam pump forces the gaseous ammonia back into the iron cylinder again thus liberating great heat, which is disposed of by cold water dropping upon the coils of pipe through which the ammonia passes on its way to the condenser. The process is a continuous one, and if the pumps and coils do not leak there is no loss, and the operations may go on so long as the machinery lasts.

A GOOD INDORSEMENT.

It would no doubt be highly amusing, and at the same time astonishing, to see a complete list of all the expressive and "powerful" names of the multitude of short lived medical preparations placed upon the market during the past few years as "most wonderful discoveries" and "infallible cures," (in two sighs, viz:—) by unscrupulous speculators and adventurers, who, recognizing the value of advertising seek by these means to obtain public favor and popularity for their doubtful and so often entirely worthless and even dangerous preparations. And it is a genuine pleasure for us to commend Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup as one of the few really deserving medicines offered to the public. Its adoption by many of our intelligent physicians is due only to its real worth and merit and by thousands of families it is regarded as "the standard household remedy"—*Wash. D. C Critic*

AN AVALANCHE OF PEACHES.

New York, Aug. 23.—The prediction that over 150 car-loads of peaches would appear in this market at once has been fulfilled several times during the past week The supplies of the past three days have been nearly a quarter of a million of baskets. The fruit continues to come in too mellow for shipment and demanding immediate consumption, and purchasers for the present should only buy for quick use. Yesterday was a blue day for owners—10 cents to 50 cents per basket was the price of common to good fruit, and 40 cents of the best. Crates were 20 cents to 50 cents. These are wholesale prices, and distributors should give consumers the benefit of them or they may find it convenient to run down town where the supplies are concentrated and take advantage of the low ruling rates. Thus far this season New York has had over 700,000 baskets, and 300 car-leads, 500 baskets each, have gone to New England, chiefly to Boston.

A CYCLOPEDIA FOR $10.00.

Perhaps the most remarkable literary enterprise of the time, is the publication of the Library of Universal Knowledge, in 20 volumes of nearly 1,000 pages each, handsomely bound, for 50 cents per volume, or $10,00 for the set. It is a reprint entire of the last (1879) Edinburgh and London edition of Chambers' Encyclopedia: A Dictionary of Universal Knowledge for the People with very large additions upon topics of special interest to American readers. The amount of matter will somewhat exceed that of the Cyclopedias of Appleton or Johnson, though the price is but a fraction of their cost. Volume one is to be ready early in September, and the others will follow at very short intervals. The remarkably low prices are accounted for by the method of sale, to the subscribers direct, saving them the large commission, often 50 or 60 per cent., paid to agents or dealers, also, by the recent great reduction in the cost of making books, and by making very large sales. This certainly is a work that the millions will appreciate. Special inducements are offered to early subscribers and to clubs.

The same publishers have recently issued editions of Chambers' Cyclopedia of English Literature, 4 vols., $2,00, formerly sold in 2vols., for $9,00; also, Rollins' Ancient History, and Josephus' Works, large type editions, for $2,25 and $2,00, and Smith's Bible Dictionary, $1.00

They also publish, in August and September, the Acme Library of Biography, 12 vols., and the Acme Library of Modern Classics, 9 vols., the former at 35 cents and the latter at 50 cents per vol. In these series are presented such authors as Carlyle, Macaulay, Gibbon, Goldsmith Lamartine, Michelet, Thomas Moore, Walter Scott, and Fouque, and such subjects as Caesar, Cromwell, Burns, Joan of Arc, Vicar of Wakefield, Picciola, Lalla Rookh, &c. Full catalogue of publications, terms to clubs, &c., will be sent free on request by the publishers, the American Book Exchange, 55 Beekman St., N. Y.

Sophia, Aug. 24.—The damage by Saturday's fire is estimated at $80,000. The fire raged for many hours. A large number of artillery horses perished in the flames.

REV. ISAAC S. KALLOCH, WORKINGMEN'S CANDIDATE FOR MAYOR OF SAN FRANCISCO, SHOT.

A Mob of Thousands Threatening Vengeance.

San Francisco, Aug 23.

This morning Charles De Young drove in a covered coupe in front of the private entrance of the Metropolitan Temple, where Mr. Kalloch has his study and room, and sent a messenger boy asking him to come out. Mr. Kalloch immediately appeared on the sidewalk, when De Young shot him in the breast. Mr. Kalloch turned to retreat within doors when De Young shot him in the back. Mr. Kalloch is believed to be dead. A crowd immediately seized the carriage in which De Young was, turned it over and tore him out. He was dreadfully kicked and bruised, and would no doubt have been killed on the spot had not an unusual number of policemen come suddenly to the rescue and hurried him to jail. The city is intensely excited. The police did not think De Young safe in the jail, and had made arrangements to hurry him to Fort Alcatraz, when the intention became known to the people. At present the spirit of the multitude is aroused to prevent any removal of De Young from jail. There was never a time when San Francisco was mere angry.

The officer, De Young, and the driver of the coupe struggled through the crowd amid cries of "Hang him!" "Kill him!" Gen. McComb immediately assumed the responsibility and ordered the military to assemble at their armories, where they are now awaiting orders. The news of the tragedy spread like wild-fire through the city, and the streets were soon filled with excited throngs.

What Preceded the Shooting.

The circumstances leading to the shooting are as follows:—After Kalloch was nominated by the workingmen of this city as their candidate for Mayor, Charles De Young, in a speech at the State Convention of the "Honorable Bilks," announced that he would compel Kalloch to withdraw from the contest. Subsequently he notified Kalloch that unless he withdrew he would rake up his record in the columns of the Chronicle. Kalloch sent back word for him to go ahead; that he could tell worse things about the De Youngs that anything they could bring against him. On Wednesday last the Chronicle came out with a long article reviewing Kalloch's career in Boston and in Kansas, dwelling particularly on his reported amours, and also ventilating his political and business record. Thursday's and Friday's Chronicle contained similar and more elaborated articles and dragged in the name of Kalloch's father, now dead, recounting sundry immoralities on his part. Kalloch had advertised a mass meeting at Metropolitan Temple last night, at which it was given out he would read a copy of an article published some five years ago by B. F. Naphtaly in a little paper called the Sun. This article was an attack upon the personal and family record of the De Youngs of the most pronounced character, and led to an attempt on their part to kill Naphtaly, which failed. The De Youngs sent Kalloch word that if he read that article they would shoot him on sight.

Friday Night's Meeting.

Last night an immense audience gathered at the Metropolitan Temple, and the street outside was packed with a crowd numbering thousands. Mr. Kalloch addressed the indoor meeting, scathing the De Youngs mercilessly, and reflecting on the personal record and family antecedents in the most direct manner. After adjourning the meeting in the hall he went outside, mounted the stand and spoke briefly. After reviewing the attacks of the Chronicle upon himself he said: "In maligning the reputation of my father, who has filled an honorable grave for many years, these journalistic vipers have rendered the most vicious retaliation on my part necessary and justifiable. These disgraceful records make such an attack possible, and I am justified in pronouncing them the bastard progeny of a ——." He said he had the Sun article in his pocket (cries of "Read it!" "Read it!"). but he did not wish to expend all his ammunition at once. It would be published immediately in full in the workingmens' paper, The Open Letter.

FOOLED ON HIS DEATHBED

INTO A CONFESSION OF SEVERAL MURDERS, ROGBERIES AND ARSON.

The Remarkable Case of Mcquirk of Philadelphia.

[Philadelphia Telegraph of Wednesday.]

After many years, one of the greatest mysterious murders in the annal of crime in this city has been opened up to the light of day by the confession of the perpetrator while on his supposed deathbed. The criminal, Theodore Joseph McGuirk, was in the employ of a farmer in Erie Co., where he was taken seriously ill about the 12th of August, 1877. Expecting to die and filled with remorse, he made a full confession, of which the following embodies the chief points, to a daughter of the man he was working for, and who acted as his nurse:

He first confessed complicity in the great coal oil fire in this city February 8, 1865, at Ninth and Washington avenue, when 2,000 barrels of oil, seventy thousand tons of coal, a number of buildings and human beings were destroyed in the flames. He was in league with three men—McMenamin, Mara and Fleetwood. The latter started the fire and perished in the flames. Mara and McMenamin afterward enticed McGuirk into a vacant lot and Mara stabbed him in the left breast and fled, leaving his victim for dead. That was in 1868, and when he recovered a business man for whom the burning of the oil works was said to have been done by contract, sent $25 to McGuirk and told the latter to leave the city, which he did, going to Michigan and settling and marrying there.

He also confessed to the murder of the watchman of S. S. White's dental depot No. 528 Arch Street. In company with Hugh Mara early in the morning of October 7, 1865, they forced their way into the place through a rear entrance. It was Sunday morning, and they did not expect to find the colored watchman on duty there. He came on them unexpectedly just as they were about to enter the sales room of the place, and as he knew both of them, Mara and McGuirk resolved to kill him. There was a terrible fight, the watchman battling for his life. But he was at last knocked down, bucked and gagged, his head crushed by a blow from a billet of wood. They were afraid to shoot him for fear of making an alarm.

In making the confession McGuirk said that it was he who killed the watchman, Mara keeping guard at the door while he did it. After making his confession he recovered, and seemed to be fearful of the woman's telling it to others, and threatened her if she did so. He went away from the place and returned some six months afterward. He left and returned several times afterward and in April last said to the woman: "You know enough about me to give me a great deal of trouble. If anybody betrays me, my life is as dear to me as theirs, and it won't be good for them." She took this as a threat and began to be afraid of him, and in June informed Judge Vincent of the facts.

McGuirk left her father's house and attempted to see her several times afterward.

Judge Vincent wrote to the authorities of this city, and Detective Tryon was sent to Erie after McGuirk, accompanied by Detective Weyl. The murderer was captured at McKean's Corner, in Washington township, about seventeen miles from the city of Erie, by Special Officer T. J Fogelbaugh, after a severe battle. Yesterday he was given over to the custody of the Philadelphia officers. He arrived in Philadelphia to-day and was committed for a hearing.

NEBRASKA CROPS.

Omaha, Aug. 17.—Wheat has been somewhat damaged, but will show a fair crop average, sixteen to twenty bushels to the acre. Oats show very heavy, nearly fifty bushels to the acre The corn crop will be immense and the finest ever known in the State. All the small grain seems in good condition.

MARRIED.

On 17, at Logan Mills, by Rev. W. H. Stover, Mr. Elias P. Gentzel, of Spring Mills to Miss Paulina A. Schreengast, of Logan Mills.

On April 20, in Brushvalley, by Rev. J. Vonada, Mr. Benjamin Zeigler to Miss Florence M. Jonsonbauch, both of Gregg township.

On 10, by the same, Mr. Ambrose Vonada and Miss Alice J. Buris, both of Haines township.

DIED.

On 23, in Gregg township, of Cholera Infantum, Harry Fisher, son of Philip and Alice Auman, aged 5 months and 6 days.

JURY AND TRIAL LIST.—The following is a complete list of the Grand and Traverse Jurors and Trial List for August Court, commencing Monday, August 25, 1879:

GRAND JURORS.

Harris—W W Leech.
Potter—C Bitner, J Gilliland, Jno Boozer.
Halfmoon—J A Hunter, E Lytle.
Boggs—Wm Marks, S Pletcher.
Walker—R Holmes, A Swartz.
Patton—J Jackson.
Spring—S Heverly, Wm Dawson.
Philipsburg—L Hess, Wm Blake, J S Gray.
Benner—Wm Tate, S A Marshal.
Bellefonte—J H Rhone, Wm Mills.
Marion—B Rush, G B Simler.
College—G Cronmiller.
Gregg—J J Condo.

TRAVERSE JURORS—FIRST WEEK.

Huston—J W Swartz.
Bellefonte—D Rhodes, D K Tate, J Shrom, S Haupt, J W Furey, G T Brow.
College—E Musser.
Harris—A J Kreamer, Adam Stover, J T Ross, Harry Stewart.
Howard boro—J Diehl.
Gregg—J P Heckman, Jno Goodhart.
Halfmoon—P W Burkhart.
Burnside—Bowes.
Ferguson—J Shiffer, J Gates.
Milesburg—H T Ryman.
Walker—A C M'Mullen, K Zimmerman, Jr.
Taylor—Wm Merryman, D Henderson
Spring—D Corman, M W Riddle
Miles—C Brumgart, S K Faust
Philipsburg—J Dunkle, J Funk, R Manly
Worth—J V Gray, S Stephen
Snowshoe—T Green, W H Crisman
Potter—M Condo, Sam'l Emerick, Ed Kline
Marion—D Harter, R S M'Calmont
Penn—Is Confer
Unionville—W Cadwalader
Union—Wm Resides
Rush—John Long, J Dumbleton
Boggs—Henry Musser, H R Curtin
Haines—J Bower, Jr

TRAVERSE JURORS—SECOND WEEK.

Taylor—R Newman
Worth—W M'Kinney
Bellefonte—L A Straub, C Strickland, D M'Ginly, B Graham
Boggs—Jas Iddings, J Krider
Milesburg—R L Shirk, T Miles
Philipsburg—H H Hewitt, J Matley
Miles—Simon Hazel
Walker—P Walter, K Zimmerman, Sr, Jesse Swartz
Banner—Wm Searson, J Henderson, M Benner
Marion—N H Yearick
Howard—A W Gardner, D B Pletcher
Boggs—J Confer
Penn—F P Musser, Jno Barr
Union—Wm McEwen
Gregg—Wm Korman, M Knofsker, W Pealer
Haines—S Spigelmyer, Jno Stover
Ferguson—Wm Shadman, J Weaver
Spring—Jno Reamy
Harris—R Condo
Showshoe—D Rhule

TRIAL LIST—FIRST WEEK.

A Sussman's Ex'rs vs Isaac Guggenheimer
M D Silkwitter vs Rebecca Gorsuch.
J F Williams vs S H Williams, et al
Alex Harpster vs Wm Baumgardner
Fred Kurtz vs D A Musser
A B Herd vs J N Cassanova
W D Glasgow, use of, vs Nelson George

TRIAL LIST—SECOND WEEK.

S D Musser vs C D Keller, et al
J H Thomas, use of, vs Joseph Shirk
Judah Whitecomb vs Geo W Hoover & Co
R Mulhollan vs Geo R Beak
E W Hale et al, vs Thos Burnside, et al
J D Shugert vs J B Moran, et al
Z L Hoover vs W P Ard, who was interpleaded, &c
Bradley Childs, et al vs H Merriman et al
W M Lyon et al vs Jacob Val Pool et al
T D Geisinger, use of, vs Robt Taylor
D H Lutz vs L C & S C R R Co
Geo Trillinger et al vs William Holt et al
Wister Morris et al vs William Holt et al
John I Thompson vs Sam'l Christ et al
Thos Merriman vs John T Fowler
John Worts vs Jacob Wagner
J T Fowler & Co, use of, vs Geo Sharrar et ux
A C Geary vs Samuel Kryder
Centre County vs Philipsburg boro
E C Henderson vs Merchants & Mechanics Insurance Co
J T Walker et ux vs Jno S Sommerville
D G Meek et al vs Wm Biddle et al
Mifflin County Nat. Bank vs Jesse Underwood's Ex'rs et al
John T Hoover's Heirs vs Linn & Mc Coy
Centre County vs Huston Township
Henry Brockerhoff vs Louis Haas
John D Gardner vs Wm Singer & Co
Isaac Thomas vs Lot Stratton
Henry Boozer vs Jonathan Kreamer
Mary Holt vs B & S S R R Co

Pennsylvania College.

GETTYSBURG PENN'A

Full corps of Professors. Course of study of the highest grade. Location attractive, healthful & moral. Libraries contain over 20,000 volumes. Two Reading Rooms with first-class periodicals. Expenses for tuition, room-rent, fuel and washing, $82. Boarding from $2 to $3 per week. Send for a catalogue to

PROF. P. M. BIKLE,
aug28 Sec'y of Faculty.

ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE.—Letters of administration on the estate of Michael Hettinger, late of Gregg twp., dec'd, having been granted to the undersigned, all persons knowing themselves indebted to said decedent are requested to make immediate payment, and persons having claims against the estate will present them authenticated for settlement.

AMELIA HETTINGER,
M. L. RISHEL,
Administrators.
21 aug 6t

EXECUTOR'S NOTICE.—Letters testamentry on the estate of Joseph Bitner, late of Potter township, deceased, having been granted to the undersigned, all persons indebted to said estate are required to make immediate payment, and those having claims against the same to present them, duly authenticated by law, for settlement.

JACOB BITNER,
J. G. SANKEY,
Executors.
21 aug 6t

CAUTION.—Notice is hereby given that I have purchased the articles below at constable sale, Aug. 16, as the property of Michael Confer, and will leave the same in his possession at my pleasure: 1 black horse, cow, heifer, 3 hogs, one-horse wagon, cultivator, corn-scraper, two horse wagon, plow, harrow, hay-ladders, 1 ton hay, cutting box and horse gears, sled, old iron, vinegar, potatoes, barrel, house furniture, kettles, tubs, &c.
21 aug 3t. DAVID CONFER.

CAUTION.—Notice is hereby given that the undersigned have purchased the personal property of Wm. Galbraith, at Sheriff's sale, and that the same will be left in his possession at our pleasure. All persons are hereby cautioned against meddling with the same in any manner, viz: Truck wagon, horse, harness, carriage, grind stone, ½ doz. chairs, stove, sink, stand, table, clock, sewing machine, four bedsteads, together with all the defendant's personal property.

DAN'L FLEISHER,
21 aug 3t. P. D. NEFF.

REAL ESTATE AT PRIVATE SALE.—The undersigned offer at private sale, a tract of land situated in the Loop, in Potter twp., containing

FOUR HUNDRED ACRES,

more or less, Fifty acres of which are cleared, and the balance well timbered. There are on the premises a good FRAME HOUSE, a Log Barn, a SPRING OF NEVER FAILING WATER, THREE ORCHARDS, and an excellent SITE FOR SAW MILL with good water power.

100 or 200 acres, with improvements will be sold separate if desired. The balance will be sold in timber lots of 20, 30, or 50 acres, or the whole tract will be sold together at a low price and on easy terms.

For further information address,

A. S. KERLIN, Lewistown, Pa.,
or A. A. KERLIN, McAlevy's Fort, Pa.
14 aug tf

BOOKS FOR SALE.—The undersigned offers a small library, composed of about forty-five volumes, for sale cheap. The books consist of Histories, Travels, Lives of Distinguished Men, Descriptive Narrations, Fiction, etc. Will also sell CASE and WRITING DESK. This is a good opportunity for a young man who wishes a small but good library. Address, for description and list of books,

WM. T. RICHARD, Centre Hall, Pa.

A TRAIN WRECKED BY A LANDSLIDE.

Henry, N. C., August 24.—Last night a mail and passenger train on the Western North Carolina Railroad, with an excursion train attached, was wrecked at Mud Cut by a landslide. A coach containing excursionists was completely buried. No one was seriously injured.

THE FEVER FURY.

Memphis, Aug. 24.—The rules and regulations of the State board of health, which prohibit all persons from venturing beyond their premises between the hours of nine p. m. and six a. m., went into effect last night. The thermometer yesterday ranged from 72 to 76.

Memphis, Aug. 24.—Nineteen new cases were reported to-day, seven white and twelve colored. Eight deaths have occurred.

Tyrone, Pa., August 21.—Jno. H. Kurtz in attempting to board a freight train on the Pennsylvania railroad to-day, missed his footing and fell under the train, the wheels cutting off his left leg below the knee.

Tyrone, Pa., August 22.—Pat Collins, of Houtadale, attacked John Donnelly last night with an iron peg remover, inflicting wounds which will probably prove fatal. Collins, who is a well known Molly Maguire, escaped.

FIRE IN ILLINOIS.

St. Louis, August 24.—A fire at Farmer City, Ills., early yesterday morning destroyed twenty four buildings and burned out twenty-two firms. The main business part of the city is in ruins. The fire is believed to be incendiary. The total loss is about $100,000

Coal has declined about thirty-five cents per ton in two weeks.

E. F. Kunkel's Bitter Wine of Iron.

The great success and delight of the people. In fact, nothing of the kind has ever been offered to the American people which has so quickly found its way into their good favor and hearty approval as E. F. Kunkle's Bitter Wine of Iron. It does all it proposes, and thus gives universal satisfaction. It is guaranteed to cure the worst case of dyspepsia or indigestion, kidney or liver disease, weakness, nervous ness, constipation, acidity of the stomach. &c. Get the genuine. Sold only in $1.00 bottles, or six bottles for $5.00. Ask for E. F. Kunkle's Bitter Wine of Iron, and take no other. If your druggist has it not, send to proprietor, E. F. Kunkel, No. 1230 North Ninth Street, Philadelphia, Pa. Advice free; enclose three cent stamp.

WORMS. WORMS. WORMS.

E. F. Kunkel's Worm Syrup never fails to destroy Pin, Seat, and Stomach Worms. Dr. Kunkel, the only successful physician who removes Tape Worm in two hours, alive with head, and no fee until removed. Common sense teaches if Tape Worms be removed all other worms can be readily destroyed. Advice at office and store, free. The doctor can tell whether or not the patient has worms. Thousands are dying daily with worms, and do not know it. Fits, spasms, cramps, choking and suffocation, sallow complexion, circles around the eyes, swelling and pain in the stomach, restless at night, grinding of the teeth, dryness at the nose, cough, fever, itching at the seat, headache, foul breath, the patient grows pale and thin, tickling and irritation in the anus—all these symptoms, and more, come from worms. E. F. Kunkel's Worm Syrup never fails to remove them. Price, $1.00 per bottle, or six bottles for $5.00. [For Tape Worm write and consult the Doctor.] For all others, buy of your druggist the Worm Syrup, and if he has it not, send to Dr. E. F. Kunkel, 1230 North Ninth St., Philadelphia, Pa. Advice by mail, free; send three cent stamp. 34,1t

Spring Mills Market.

Wheat No 1	$1.00
Wheat No 2	95c
Rye,	45c.
Corn, ears, per bu. new,	40c
Oats,	25c.
Buckwheat,	75c.
Cloverseed,	$4.00 to $4 50
Chop, per ton,	$20.00.
Plaster, ground per ton,	$10.00
Flour, per bbl	$4.00
Barley	50c
Butter,	12c.
Tallow,	6c.
Lard,	6c.
Ham,	10c.
Shoulders,	6c.
Clean Sides,	7c.
Rags,	2c.
Eggs per doz.,	10c.
Tub washed wool,	30c.

Coal.	Retail.	By Car, Gross.
Egg,	$5 00	$4 50
Stove,	$5 25	$4 75
Chestnut,	$5 00	$4 50
Pea,	$3 25	$3 00

Judge for Yourself By sending 35 cents, with age, hight color of eyes and hair, you will receive by return mail a correct picture of your future husband or wife, with name and date of mar

FARMING ON A BIG SCALE.

The "Dalrymple Farms" in Dakota and How They are Worked.

A correspondent of the Detroit *Post* writes from Dakota as follows:

The general statistics of what are commonly styled in this country "Dalrymple's farms," as given by Mr. Dalrymple, are as follows: The area of farm lands under his management, scattered in large tracts through this part of the valley of the Red river of the North, is 75,000 acres. Some of them are his individual property, but in the most of them he has a half interest, operating them "on shares" with the owners of the soil, who are chiefly Eastern capitalists. This enormous area of prairie lands Mr. Dalrymple is developing in systematic fashion and under a carefully organized business system. This year he has 20,000 acres "in crop," and is "breaking up" with the plow 5,000 more acres of now uncultivated land for next year's sowing. In seeding he uses from one and a half to one and three-quarters bushels per acre. The method of cultivation in these new farms on this large scale may be briefly summarized thus: Fall plowing, the moldboard of the plowed surface during the winter, seeding as soon as the frost leaves a few inches of the top of the earth, harvest in latter July and early August, threshing as soon as the reaped grain has sufficiently dried in the shock, prompt shipping to the eastern and seaboard markets. In the various stages of managing the crop the best class of agricultural implements are used, and all supplies are secured in large quantities at central agencies, and thus at the lowest possible prices. Mr. Dalrymple gives these figures as to the work he gets out of his stock and machinery:

He has one span of horses or mules to each eighty acres of cultivated land, and one gang plow to every one hundred acres. He is this season using 115 reapers, all of them self-binders, and twenty-nine threshing machines. The first subdivision of great tracts of land under his control for administrative purposes is into sections of 5,000 acres, over each of which a superintendent has control. Each tract of 2,000 acres is equipped with complete sets of buildings, machinery and stock, and is also under a distinct superintendent. The buildings include a home for the superintendent, a large boarding house for the men, barns, granaries, blacksmith shops and commodious machinery halls. All of these structures are well built, neat in appearance and thoroughly equipped. For the stock each subdivision raises enough barley and oats, but wheat is the only crop marketed.

All the principal operations of wheat raising—plowing, seeding, reaping, threshing, etc.—are carried on by gangs of men, working under constant superintendence and according to plans with careful plan. Ordinarily each gang works successively on tracts of a mile square, a procession of plows, of seeders, of reapers, etc., as the season may be, traversing from day to day a constantly diminishing area, always accompanied by superintendents and machinery repairers; by this means work is pushed on systematically, under constant supervision and with the fewest possible delays. The wages paid to regular "farm hands" is $20 per month and board, except during harvest, and there are about 400 names on Mr. Dalrymple's regular pay-rolls. During the five weeks of harvest the work of from 500 to 600 additional men is required, and the uniform rate for all of harvest wages is $2 per day and board. Thus far no difficulty has been found in procuring the necessary help required for harvest among the new settlers on small tracts of land who have not as yet got their own lands into productive shape, and are glad of the opportunity to earn money at these rates. Working hours in the busy season commence at six o'clock and cover daylight.

Mr. Dalrymple's books show these averages. The cost of the first wheat crop on new land, including allowances for interest on machinery and like items, is $11 per acre; for the second and later crops this cost diminishes to $8 per acre. Of course this low rate is due to a considerable extent to the saving effected by the large scale on which Mr. Dalrymple is enabled to purchase food, supplies and machinery, but land agent Power states that actual experiment has shown that farms of a few hundred acres can now be cultivated in this country for wheat at an average annual cost of not over $10 per acre, after the land has been broken up. All the present indications point to a yield of from twenty-three to twenty-five bushels to the acre as a safe estimate of this season's crop, which will be of high quality, and can be moved to New York for fifty cents a bushel (including lake and rail freights, insurance, commissions, elevator charges, etc.). This indicates a market price at the nearest depot of from eighty to ninety cents per bushel for the crop of 1879. These figures, with ample allowance for margins, indicate that the Dalrymple farms will in 1879 produce upward of 450,000 bushels of high grade wheat, at a gross cost of not over $175,000, insuring a handsome profit to their owners and stockholders of about $185,000.

Operations upon these Dakota farms on this scale did not commence until 1875, when two sections were broken up, and the first wheat crop was gathered in 1876. The results of that experiment have led to the vigorous work of development, which has yielded the astonishing results just summarized.

Hanging Females in England.

The gallows has been busy in England with female criminals, and notably, of late, the recent execution of a woman in Wandsworths prison being the third with in a year. More then a dozen women have suffered death under Queen Victoria, many of them being phenomenal criminals. In April, 1845, we believe, Sarah Freeman was hanged at Taunton for the poisoning with arsenic of her mother, brother, husband and son. In April, 1849, Samuel Thomas was hanged at Gloucester, for beating out the brains of her mistress, an old woman of sixty-one, with a stone. She went to the gallows in an ungovernable fit of rage, wrestling and biting so desperately that it was with difficulty two stout wardens could force her up the ladder, and her screams of anger and terror continued until he bolt was drawn. On the 21st of August, of the same year, Mary Ann Geering was hanged in front of Lewes jail for having poisoned her husband and two sons, so as to get the burial allowance from the friendly society to which they belonged. Two days later Rebecca Smith suffered at Devizes for the murder of her baby, aged four weeks. Her show of fervent piety had provoked much sympathy for her, but after her conviction she broke down and confessed that she had poisoned her seven other children. Finally, on the 13th of November the Mannings were hanged before Horsemonger lane jail. Mrs. Manning was hanged in black satin and a long lace veil. She and her husband shook hands on the drop. Dickens wrote of the execution, memorable to this day, that "a sight so inconceivably awful as the wickedness and levity of the immense crowd could be imagined by no man and presented by no heathen land under the sun."

A Reversible Cataract.

Burdette the humorist of the Burlington *Hawkeye*, has been at St. John, N. B., and while there visited the falls of the St. John, of which he says: The other day, toward the close of a drive that was full of delight, Mr. Hopper took us over to see the graceful suspension bridge that spans the falls of the St. John. The bridge was all right, nothing could better combine airy grace and lasting strength, but the falls!

Amazement satupon us as we gazed. They were there. They always are there. They stay there all the time, I guess

But somebody had turned them inside out.

They were falling up stream.

I never saw a ything like it before in my life. It beats Niagara. Niagara can only fall down, but the falls of the St. John fall up, part of the time. I think nobody stared at the spectacle with quite so much amazement as our guide.

"Well," he said at length, "there there they are. They are going the wrong way, but what you see are the falls of the St. John, all the same."

The bay of Fundy is remarkable for its tidal phenomena, and this is one of them. When we visited the falls, the tide was setting in strong, and the falls were boiling and plunging up the river, as furiously as though that was the way they always went. But when the tide goes out, the falls turn and plunge seaward, as steadily as Niagara itself.

A SPANISH BULL FIGHT.

The Brutal Spectacle Witnessed by a Party of Americans—The Scene on the Road and in the Theater.

A letter from Madrid to the New York *Commercial Advertiser* says: We confess to feelings of moral remissness in the mad curiosity we had been cuddling up to see the bull fight, but our friends had already purchased tickets for the shade, and we were "booked" for the fight, the national spectacle of Spain.

At 2 o'clock crowds began to assemble, and gradually to form along the Alcala Ficnte to the grand amphitheater. This structure is about eighty yards in diameter, built in the Moorish style of architecture, of brick, iron, and stone, seating comfortably 13,000 spectators. We have witnessed often the excitement and rush of going to races, but never beheld such joyous displays of maddening crowds as we saw that day pouring, rushing, tearing along to the Toros. Afoot and on horseback, in carriages, carts, and omnibusses, with two, four, six, eig ht, and with ten horses all dressed in variegate : ribbons and gaudy colors, the drivers halloing and screeching with delight, and the animals running at the top of their speed, apparently as excited as their drivers.

Once arrived and seated, we beheld with admiration the vast gathering within the theater. It was estimated that not less than twenty thousand spectators were present within the building. The marshals, clad in a gay and elegant dress, marched across the arena and egged permission of the mayor to allow the games to proceed. Of course, it was graciously granted, and immediation as it was once made that the exercises were to commence. The fatal gate was opened and in rushed the bull wild with terror as he beheld the scene, and trotted to the middle of the arena; with head erect and staring eye he stood collected, then shook his head in attitude expressing the most perfect defiance. We enjoyed the spectacle with the highest relish. The theater was crowded to its utmost, and the scene was very enlivening. Next came the picadors with their lances and the flag bearer to tease the bull. He dashes at the crimson flags as they are flaunted tauntingly and deceptively before his face. To the Spaniard, however, this is but by-play, and soon he cells for blood. The picador rides full in front of the bull, who with one plunge gores the blinded horse.

"Till yells the mad crowd o'er entrails fresh-ly torn."

Another presents himself, and now again is seen the disgusting sight repeated of bloody horns goring another to stand a blinded sacrifice to the fury of the beast, until he falls dead upon the plain. Sometimes he carries with him the stuffed and padded picador, when the whole mass of spectators rise on the instant with breathless expectation; for here, indeed, is danger, as the roaring bull, crashing the lance, plunges over horse and rider. Still as death lies the picador, and the foolish beast is cheated of his prey; for, believing him already dead, he passes along, in an instant to be diverted by the flags and spears of the banderilleros, picador became entangled with his falling horse, and received a crushing tread from the bull's foreleg as he passed over him. The panting animal is now plied with flesh arrows, and when sufficiently maddened the cry for the espada (sword) is given. The matador comes forward, who is not allowed to leave the ring, but must secure his safety in his skill. Arrayed in elegant dress he encounters the bull. The matador poising his sword as the bull dashes at him drives home the weapon.

If the aim is unerring the beast falls on his knees, trembles for an instant, then stretches his carcass upon the ground. But often the sword fails to strike the spine, and the bull fighting valiantly drives the matador until every bull-trust and power before he is dispatched. When the sword passes under the shoulder blade next the chest, piercing between the ribs into the lungs, the blood flows freely from the mouth of the animal in a gushing tide that exhausts him nearly as quick as the fatal stroke in the spinal marrow. The fight is over; then comes the mules to drag away the carcasses, and the ring is cleared for another engagement. During the fight six bulls and sixteen horses were killed. We looked anxiously at the royal box from time to time, but to his credit Alfonso did not make his appearance. Our sympathies were aroused for the poor horses only, who were rode blindfold before the bull to be gored, simply to madden him by the sight of blood.

Sunday in Paris.

It is Sunday once more—a Parisian Sunday—in this gayest of capitals; and 50,000 people, to speak within bounds, have all day thronged the Champs Elysees. The toy and refreshment booths, on either side of the long and spacious avenue, drive a lucrative business; the numerous goat and pony wagons for children are in constant requisition, and one little turn-out consisted of four well-trained Newfoundland dogs, elegantly harnessed, attended by two liveried footmen, and driven by a boy of twelve or thirteen. Merry young misses drive their ribbon-decked hoops with special relish, and roguish boys skip their tops with equal zeal. Clouds of toy balloons, of various colors and sizes, flash high above the heads of itinerant venders, and the fountains throw up sparkling and softly musical jets everywhere, uttering low and refreshing murmurs.

Soldiers off duty, strolling idly about, dot the scene with their various uniforms, their shining helmets and abundant gold lace. The crowded roadway, thronged by a thousand and more of liveried turn-outs, drawn by high-stepping horses, is a marvel of activity, making one almost dizzy to gaze upon. Delighted bourgeois youths of both sexes mount wooden horses in the merry-go-rounds, and enjoy their imaginary ride at a cost of a couple of sous; lofty aerial cars, upon huge revolving wheels, afford as much delight and more risk to others, at an equally moderate charge. The man with his air-gun and his well-arranged mark is on hand to serve ambitious juvenile marksmen; the Italian harpist, with a tamborine and violin accompaniment, gathers a small crowd about him; a performing monkey is equally popular as an attraction closeby; and not far away an acrobat, dressed in flesh-colored tights, lies upon the carpeted ground and tosses a lad, dressed in spangled thin clothes, heavenward from his feet, catching him as he comes down, and twirling him with his legs so rapidly that the boy becomes invisible, or nearly so. Such is a glimpse of the Champs Elysees on Sunday.—*Paris Letter.*

How to Detect a Ripe Watermelon.

Few people know, from an outside inspection, how to determine the ripeness and the perfection of a watermelon. Inquiries are frequently made in the horticultural journals as to the means to be used to arrive at a reliable rule for settling this question. Within a few days, says a correspondent of the *Country Gentleman*, I have seen directions given to reach a correct conclusion on the subject, by pressing the melon and noting the manner in which it emits a crackling sound under the operation. These results are to be obtained after some experience in judging of its peculiarity under pressure. Considering the vast quantities of this delicious fruit consumed at the North, after shipment from the sections where the vine flourishes, but where the fruit is always picked in an immature state in order to bear transportation well, it is really a serious matter to be able to know certainly when buying a melon, perchance on the street or at a dealer's stand, whether one is securing a ripe melon or not. In nine cases out of ten the chance is that your melon is only half ripe, and therefore not a great acquisition for your dessert.

Now let me give you and your readers an infallible sign by which to know a full, ripened melon. When the melon begins to change color inside, and its seeds to turn black, a small black speck, scale or blister begins to appear on the outer cuticle or rind. These are multiplied and enlarged as the fruit matures. A ripe melon will show them thickly sown over the surface. A partial development only indicates half ripened fruit. A full crop of blisters reveals its perfect ripeness. When hundreds of melons are strewn along the sidewalk, you will have to look pretty sharply to find one that exhibits a satisfactory "escutcheon," to borrow a term from M. Guenon. But it is unfailing when found, and by following this guide you may walk away with your melon with the most entire confidence. The blister is only to be seen upon close inspection, but is plainly visible when that is given.

A Lecturer's Reminiscences.

Anna Dickinson has written a book of reminiscences of her lecturing tours, calling it "The Ragged Register." Among other amusing stories she tells one of the rampant president of a certain lecture association who wanted her to lecture him his town. She could not do it,and meet her other engagements, and she told him so quite plainly. But he would not be put off. He told her that by taking the three o'clock train she could do it. After a hard night's wock a three o'clock train is not a pleasing prospect, and she declined the honor. "I'll be under your window at 2.30 sharp," replied he, notwithstanding her expressed determination. And he was as good as his word. It was pouring rain, but he came and banged away as though the front door was a fort and he a battering ram. While he was banging an indignant family servant came into Miss Dickinson's room with a bucket of water in her hand, and opened the window above the man's head. "Why do you waste the water, Maria," said Miss Dickinson; "he is wet to the skin already." But Maria knew what she was about, and standing the bucket on the sill, emptied the contents down over the besieger. A howl, a muttered exclamation more vigorous than elegant, and his feet were heard splashing down the walk. "I thought that kitchen fire would never burn," Maria said, as she passed out of the room, "and that there its kettle never would bile, but it did." Miss Dickinson tells of one man who took a seat by her in the cars and tried to make her talk by plying her with questions, to all of which she gave monosyllabic replies. Becoming discouraged, he dragged some greasy bills and currency from his pocket and said: "Well, now, look here,; you'll never lecture in our town. It's too small. But I'd like to hear what you can do when you're at your best." "I thought I'd get a free blow-out, but I reckon you weren't born yesterday—got your eye-teeth cut. There's a dollar, 'll that pay you for a good spare talk and all the fixins'?"

Miss Dickinson tells some of the adventures she has had in keeping her lecture engagements. One night she was drawn across a river on a sled by two men—the ice was too thin for horse and a sleigh—in a driving storm. The journey took three hours. She arrived at the "institute, teeth chattering, stomach chattering (no nourishment for thirteen hours), fingers stiff, feet like wooden clogs, winter cold through and through me." Miss Dickinson has heard that somebody once asked Mr. Beecher whether a man would have gone through that to have kept a lecture engagement, and that he answered, "No; no man would have been such a fool." And he was "justified in the saying," says she; "only he should remember that the world, in reasonable fashion, demands of a woman that she do twice as much as a man to prove that she can equal him."

Western scenery is Miss Dickinson's delight. Out there she met a man whom she describes as a "horrid little scrub," who was bound on a lengthy tour of the Pacific slope, his wife lecturing, he managing and an adopted daughter singing, the whole made to "go" by a gift enterprise. To make herself agreeable, Miss Dickinson said something about the marvelous Montana region. "A beastly country!" he cried, "a beastly country! we did not take $800 in it." In travelling through this country, the stages, she rode on the seat with the driver; if by railroad, on the locomotive with the engineer. Her dress for crossing the mountains on horseback consisted of a soft felt hat, loose coat, skirt to the knees, Turkish trousers, woolen stockings and stout shoes. Thus arrayed, she bestrode her horse like a man, notwithstanding the sneers of a lady who joined their party, and in an audible whisper told her companion to "look at that vulgar creature." The "vulgar creature," from her comfortable and secure seat, looked at the long skirts and twisted bodies of the other ladies, and, thinking of the twelve hours' ride over the mountains, said to herself, "Look at those idiots!"

Sitting on the platform alone Miss Dickinson has often had hard work to keep from laughing at the manner in which introductory symposia chairmen of a lecture committee. One presiding officer in New England, instead of introducing her, offered up a prayer of twenty minutes' duration, in which he interceded with the throne of grace in Miss Dickinson's behalf. A Western chairman, with an eye toward Congress, spoke of her reputation as a lecturer. "In fact," said he, "wherever the English language is spoken, wherever the stars and stripes wave, her name is like household words. Listen to her, then, and I know—yes, fellow-citizens, I know you will listen to her, since she always addresses herself to the ignorant, the down trodden and the oppressed of every color, clime and tongue."

Audiences are thus described by Miss Dickinson: "Some audiences are stone. You strike against them and rebound—angered by the contact. Some audiences are sponge—absorb, and absorb, and absorb, and give nothing back, till you feel as though you had enjoyed six hours of the Turkish bath and then been put under an exhausted receiver—and some are like champagne, or vigorous tea, or clear cognac, or aggressive coffee, or whatever it may be that the most quickly and enchantingly stimulates your brain and nerve."

Boys Who Learned to Sew.

When the late Admiral —— was a young midshipman he was sent on a voyage round the world in one of King George the Third's ships. He was three years away, and, as he grew very fast, he found himself sailing in the Pacific Ocean with hardly a stitch of clothes to his back. His mother, sister of Admiral Lord ——, had taught her little son to sew, so he cut some canvas out of the ship's stores, and cut out and made himself a new suit of clothes; his mother was very proud of these, and when her son was an admiral she used to show them to her grandchildren and tell them the story. Rather more than thirty years ago a lady went to call on another one rainy afternoon; the house was built on an island in a lake in Ireland. In the drawing-room were two little boys sitting on footstools, one on each side of the fireplace. Probably the visitor looked astonished, for the mother of the little boys said in a low tone, "Please don't laugh at them; what should I do with them on this island on a rainy day if they were too proud to sew ?" One of these boys was a lieutenant in the Crimean war; he fought none the worse because he knew how to use the needle as well as the sword, when he, with his men, was for eighteen hours in the Redan on the memorable 18th of June. The chaplain of an Irish institution had seen, when he was young, the straits to which the French aristocratic refugees were reduced, from having to learn how to do things for themselves; and he got a tailor to come into his house and teach his boys how to cut out and make and mend their own clothes. One of the boys is now an old general, but he sews on his buttons to this very day; and when he was on service in one of the small British stations in Asia he not only mended and patched his own clothes but those of his brother officers. All the men of his regiment knitted their own socks.—*London Court Journal.*

For Boys to Remember.

A gentleman advertised for a boy to assist him in his office, and nearly fifty applicants presented themselves. Out of the whole number he in a short time selected one and dismissed the rest.

"I should like to know," said a friend, "on what ground you selected that boy, who had not a single recommendation?"

"You are mistaken, my friend," was the reply; "he had a great many, and if you care to listen I will enumerate a few of them. He wiped his feet when he came in and closed the door after him, thereby showing that he is careful. He instantly gave up his seat to an old man who is lame, showing that he is kind and thoughtful. He took off his cap when he came in, and answered my questions promptly and respectfully, showing that he is polite and gentlemanly. He picked up the book that I had purposely laid on the floor and replaced it upon the table, while all the rest either stepped over it or shoved it aside; and he waited quietly for his turn, instead of pushing or crowding, which evinces an honest and orderly disposition. When I talked with him I noticed that his clothes were cleanly brushed, his hair in nice order, and his teeth as white as milk, and when he wrote his name I also noticed that his finger nails were clean, instead of being tipped with jet like that handsome little fellow's in the blue jacket. Don't you term those things letters of recommendation? I do, and I would give more for what I can tell about a boy by using my eyes for ten minutes than all the fine letters you can bring me."

A Wonderful Nevada Valley.

Captain Rhodes, of Esmeralda county, who is in this city, is owner of what is known as Rhode's Salt Marsh, but which is a perfect laboratory of mineral wealth. The valley contains 4,140 acres. It is quite level, and is surrounded on all sides with high volcanic mountains. It is situated about fifteen miles northwest of Columbus.

In this little valley is a sufficient amount of salt to supply all the markets of the United States, if not the whole world. A foot or two below the surface is found a solid floor of pure rock salt, as firm and as transparent as ice. Indeed, when the sand that covers the surface is stripped off the salt below bears a very close resemblance to a field of ice. In many places little streams of water bubble up through the mass of salt, and very frequently deep pools are found which look just like the air holes in a frozen lake. The salt made at the marsh is perfectly pure. When a tract of ground has been stripped of the surface soil the salt water rises over the bed of rock salt to the depth of a foot or two. Then crystals of salt begin to form on the surface of the water, and as they form they sink to the bottom. If the salt is to be fine, for table use, workmen stir these crystals about with shovels as they settle to the bottom, thus breaking them up. For use in working silver ore coarse salt is as good as fine, and the solid formation may be dug up with picks if necessary, but the loose crystals are more readily handled, and as much salt of that kind is formed as can be disposed of.

Not only are there inexhaustible stores of salt in the little valley, but immense stores of borax. This borax is of the finest quality known, and two or three cents per pound more can be obtained for it in Europe than for any other borax sent to that market. Splendid specimens of tincal, or natural crystals of borax, are found in the marsh imbedded in the clay near the surface. Immense quantities of sulphate of magnesia (epsom salt) and sulphate of soda (glauber salt) in a pure state are also found. Nitrate of potassa (saltpeter) is found, but the extent of the deposits is not known.

Common potash is found in great abundance, and among the curious specimens to be obtained are what are called "cotton balls" (borvate of lime) and fibrous crystaline borax. Also there is found an abundance of an unknown mineral. It is something described in none of the books. It does not appear in the shape of crystals, yet has a regular form of its own, presenting the appearance of branches of coral. It is thought that this may be some new kind of quantity of it will shortly be sent East for examination.—*Virginia City (Nev.) Enterprise.*

Some Curious Facts.

Bleeding, blistering and dressing of ordinary wounds still forms the business expected of barbers in Turkey, who are often thus employed.

The Chinese keep grapes fresh a long while by cutting a hole in a pumpkin, cleaning out the interior, putting in the ripe grapes and replacing the cover.

The largest nugget of gold ever found was at Ballarat, in Australia, in 1858. It received the name of "The Welcome," and weighed 2,166 ounces—worth about $41,800.

When vaccination was first introduced in Boston, in 1721, the House of Representatives passed a bill prohibiting it Now, under certain conditions, it is made obligatory.

Some of the old Theban mummies exhibit in their wooden receptacles specimens of gilding, which show that the art of producing gold leaf was known two or three thousand years before the Christian era.

Pliny has stated that an ounce of gold was beaten into 750 leaves, each four fingers square. Martial speaks of the gold leaf being as thin as a vapor, and Lunetius compares its substance to a spider's web.

It is said to be quite the custom in Dublin for pawnbrokers, to receive from washerwomen on pledge clothes belonging to respectable families which they have received to be washed. The articles are usually pawned early in the week, and released in time to be sent home on Saturday.

A packet of nine hundred pieces of gold-beater's skin, each four inches square, is worth $40. They may be beaten continuously for several months with a hammer weighing upward of 100 lbs. material injury. The intestines of 500 oxen are required to furnish 900 leaves, that form one packet, or mold, as it is technically called.

The site of Alfred the Great's palace at Wedmore, England, is being excavated with interesting results. Long lines of wall of more than ordinary thickness, but not laid with the neatness and precision of Roman work, have been uncovered. Numerous fragments of Anglo-Saxon pottery, iron work and roofing tiles have been found.

What an African Traveler Saw.

Major Serpa Pinto, the Portuguese traveler, who has just returned from his expedition through the African continent, started from the Portuguese possessions, on the west coast of Africa, and made his way in a zigzag to Natal. He describes a tribe of natives he met with near the Zambezi with white skins, but with the wooly hair and other peculiarities of the South African. In portions of the country he enjoyed such excellent sport that he was able to kill game enough for the support of his 150 followers. On reaching an elevated plateau Major Serpa Pinto said he was astonished to see a town in the middle of a vast plain. The houses were at some distance from each other and all built on the same model. On approaching the town the traveler found that it was inhabited by white ants. Throughout, Major Serpa Pinto appears to have been well received by the natives. One of their kings offered him his daughter in exchange for his watch, and when the traveler explained that he could not part with it his majesty asked for his shoes. The slave trade is in full swing. He met numerous files of unfortunate wretches chained together, going in the direction of Egypt. He passed through a portion of Zululand a couple of days after the death of the Prince Imperial.

A Shabby Umbrella.

Strange how ashamed a man will be of a shabby umbrella—one of those slouchy corpulent affairs, with the bleached-out covering divorced from a third of the rib tips, and a shoe-string clasped around its waist in lieu of the long vanished elastic! How he will hide it as far as possible under his arm, run it up his coat sleeve, tuck it away beneath the folds of his coat, keep it between himself and the wall, And when he is in the car how careful he is to dispose it in the darkest possible corner! And if perchance anybody spies it out, how quick is he to head off criticism by explaining that it is the one he keeps in the office—so convenient to have one there, you know; one that you know nobody will steal—ha! ha! Or may be he will go a step further—the lying rascal—and say he borrowed it, and if he didn't return it old Grimshaw would never forgive him—ha! ha! But when the clouds lower and the raindrops begin to patter, who so at ease, so envied, so proud and happy, as the man with the shabby umbrella, as he stalks along between rows of unprotected men and women, with his despised umbril dripping its liquid harvest indiscriminately on the just and unjust? Verily, there is nothing in this life wholly good or wholly bad.—*Boston Transcript.*

The Wheat Export for 1879.

It is now clear that the United States will be able to export to Europe of this year's wheat crop not less than 160,000,000 bushels, and possibly 200,000,000 bushels. From careful estimates the latter figures are probably nearer the mark. The European demand last year was for 159,000,000 bushels out of a crop aggregating 400,000,000 bushels, Europe thus taking nearly half our product for that year. The current deficiency in Europe is estimated at not less than 225,000,000 bushels, not including that of France or England, which together will probably want not less than 200,000,000 bushels additional. Taking the continent of Europe as a whole, the most moderate estimates place the prospective demand so high that it will easily absorb our entire surplus, which may be safely counted upon to exceed somewhat that of last year. The demand, however, will not promise high prices, yet with cheap transportation to the seaboard and across the Atlantic, our home farmers have reason to expect full sales and good margins of profit.—*New York Graphic.*

SUMMARY OF NEWS.

Eastern and Middle States.

Tillson Jewell, a boy ten years old, was stung to death by hornets while up an apple tree at Clyde Park, N. Y.

J. P. Benson, while chasing a cat at Troy, N. Y., ran head foremost against a tree, fracturing his skull and instantly killing himself.

The annual convention of the American Dental Association was held in Saratoga. Dr. John Allen, of New York, was elected president for the ensuing year, and it was resolved to hold the next convention in New York in September, 1880.

Captain Matthew Webb, the Englishman who swam across the English channel in 1875, has just performed a great aquatic feat in this country, swimming from Sandy Hook Point to Manhattan Beach, on Coney Island, a distance of ten miles, in eight hours. The distance actually swum was sixteen miles, as a strong tide carried the swimmer some miles out to sea.

An excursion train on its way from Philadelphia to Atlantic City collided with a freight train near Clementon. Both engineers and firemen on the locomotives jumped off their engines before the collision occurred and escaped injury. When the whistle blew the conductor on the excursion train rushed to the platform, as did also the brakemen. The nine cars of the train were considerably damaged, and the platforms of most of them were smashed. The conductor, two brakemen, a deaf-mute boy and a newsman, who were standing upon the platforms, were instantly killed, being jammed between the cars. Two of the passengers in the cars were slightly hurt.

The Tremont Temple, in Boston, has been almost completely destroyed by fire, entailing a loss of about $120,000.

Lightning struck iron tank No. 209, on the United Pipe Line, opposite Parker, Pa., owned by William Mumhall, of Pittsburgh, and containing 18,000 barrels of oil. The tank was torn to pieces, and the burning oil flowed down the hillside, destroying five oil wells and five dwellings, and communicating to a tank of 5,000 barrels of oil owned by R. L. Brown, which, together with the loading rack of the United Pipe Line, was destroyed. The total loss is $40,000.

The Providence club now holds the lead for the League base-ball championship, having wrested it from the Chicago nine, which has been ahead all along.

Lightning descended among a flock of fifteen sheep at South Sterling, N. J., killing thirteen, one of the number being a ewe that a boy was holding in his arms, the boy held it. Neither of the lads was seriously hurt.

Considerable excitement has been created in Boston by the mysterious murder of James F. Frye, a well-known leather merchant. Mr. Frye's body was found in the cellar of his house with a bullet wound in the heart and several stabs in the neck and breast. The safe and other hiding-places were found open, and had evidently been rifled of its money and other contents, although some heavy pieces of a silver tea service were left behind. The murder and robbery were evidently committed during the progress of the fire which destroyed the Tremont Temple. Mr. Frye was about sixty-five years old, and left a wife and two sons. His family was out of town at the time of the murder. The crime in some respects resembles the Nathan murder, committed in New York several years ago, and from which the mantle of mystery has never been removed.

The large summer hotel and pavilion at Locust Grove, on Greenwood Lake, and also that on Coney Island, has been destroyed by fire, many guests having great trouble in escaping with their lives, and being compelled to leave much of their property behind. The hotel property belonged to C. Godfrey Gunther, ex-mayor of New York, and Locust Grove was a connecting point between steamboats from New York and a railroad line to Coney Island. There were about fifty guests in the hotel at the time the flames broke out. The loss on hotel property is about $50,000, while the private losses are large.

The New York Democratic State Convention will be held at Syracuse September 10.

James H. Wilbur, overseer of the Pacific Mills at Lawrence, Mass., has confessed to taking money by falsifying the pay-rolls during the past four years.

The seventy-five hour "go-as-you-please" pedestrian contest at Providence, R. I., was won by Charles Harriman, of Haverhill, Mass., who covered 426 miles and took the first prize of $250 and a gold medal; second prize of $150 went to Alfred Elson, of West Meriden, Conn., who made 274 miles.

The bodies of four missing persons were found among the ruins of the burned hotel at Locust Grove, near Coney Island. They were Joseph W. Pierce, of Rochester, the manager of the hotel; William Gebhardt, the man in charge of the oil-room where the fire began; Catherine Rafter and Louisa Crane, servants in the house. The bodies were burned so that had it not been for articles of jewelry and bits of clothing found near them, they would have been unrecognizable. Pierce weighed over 300 pounds, and was identified partly by his size.

Federmeyer, the Frenchman who recently walked from San Francisco to New York trundling a wheelbarrow, tried to walk 500 miles in six days in the latter city. As in his walk across the continent, he trundled a wheelbarrow, but succeeded in making only 407 of the 500 miles.

Western and Southern States.

Congressman Hendrick B. Wright, of Pennsylvania, chairman of the Congressional Labor Committee, addressed a large audience of workingmen at San Francisco on the labor and Chinese questions, advocating the expulsion of the Chinese by peaceful measures.

Thaddeus Baber, a St. Louis plumber, quarreled with his wife and left his home. After an absence of several days he returned home, shot and instantly killed his mother-in-law, and then shot his wife, inflicting a mortal wound. He then left the house, but was arrested.

Bob McCorkle, a colored man sixty years old, was hanged at Taylorsville, N. C., for the murder of J. Wesley Wycoff, a white farmer with whose wife the condemned man had been intimate. The murdered man's wife has been sentenced to a life imprisonment as an accessory to her husband's murder.

A fire at St. Louis destroyed an elevator containing 150,000 bushels of grain; three extensive ice-houses and other adjoining buildings were also burned, entailing a total loss of about $150,000.

During a storm lightning struck a stable near Deadwood, killing two young men and seriously injuring two others who had taken refuge therein.

At Deadwood, Dakota, Captain J. S. Mitchell, who lately arrived from Evanston, Wyoming, committed suicide by shooting. On the same night L. F. Whitbeck, local editor of the Deadwood *Pioneer*, shot at a colored man, who he says had insulted his wife. The bullet missed the colored man, and struck T. S. Marlan, formerly wholesale grocer of Deadwood, on the forehead, inflicting a probably fatal wound.

From Washington.

The President has accepted an invitation of the Governor of Kansas to be present at the agricultural fair in Neosho September 25.

William M. Roach, cashier of the Citizens' National Bank of Washington, is a defaulter to the extent of $97,000. Speculations in stocks is supposed to have caused his ruin.

Foreign News.

After a year of delay, a German court martial has sentenced Admiral Batsch to imprisonment in a fortress for six months, and Lieutenant-Captain Klauser for one month. They were the responsible officers of the ill-fated steamer Koenig Wilhelm, which sank the Grosser Kurfurst, and thereby drowned 300 sailors.

It is announced that Mr. Stoughton, American Minister at St. Petersburg, has resigned.

A St. Petersburg letter states that there is an enormous increase in the number of Nihilists in Russia.

During the progress of a Catholic procession in Belfast, Ireland, a serious riot occurred and many persons were injured.

Advices from Brazil state that 14,000 distressed inhabitants of Para had revolted in consequence of the stoppage of supplies for their relief. As it was feared the town might be sacked the militia had been called out.

The Irish University bill has been read a third time in the House of Commons without division. The result was greeted with loud cheers. The home rules gathered in the Crystal Palace, Sydenham, and passed resolutions solemnly reaffirming the Irish right of self-government, and containing a pledge not to vote for any one opposing a native Irish Legislature.

Private letters from Alexandria, Egypt, state that one Mirzam, a broker, and a naturalized American citizen, recently attacked Dahan Pasha, the confidential agent of the ex-Khedive Ismail Pasha, near the Bourse, in consequence of a private grudge. Mirzam struck Dahan Pasha with a cane. The latter fled, and Mirzam then shot him dead. Mirzam surrendered himself to the authorities, and is now in prison. The United States authorities at Washington have telegraphed to Alexandria that the prisoner must be kept in custody, and if the Acting Consul-General of the United States cannot try him, he must be confined until the Consul-General shall return from a four months' furlough.

Mr. Gladstone, speaking at the opening of the art exhibition at Chester, said that when America learned to trust entirely to her own splendid natural resources, the great genius of her people and their marvelous proficiency in the adaptation of labor-saving appliances, in which she was at the head of the world, she would be a formidable competitor of the English manufacturer.

The Emperor of Austria has accepted the resignation of Count Andrassy and his Ministry, and Count Taaffe, the present Minister of the Interior, has been instructed to form a new cabinet.

Mr. Ten Broeck's American-bred filly Saratoga won the race for the Runnymede Plate at Egham, England.

Over 100 farmhouses were destroyed, fifty persons killed and incalculable damage done to crops by a terrific thunderstorm in Denmark.

The intelligence comes from Switzerland that it is expected that the St. Gothard mountain will be pierced and the tunnel carried right through by the end of the present year.

The fire which destroyed Serajevo, the capital of Bosnia, was burning fiercely a week after it began. Twenty soldiers belonging to the garrison were reported killed, wounded or missing.

The British steamer Semiramide collided with the British steamer Corsica 100 miles west of Fastnet and was sunk. Both vessels are of iron. No lives were lost. The Semiramide's cargo was valued at $92,229.

At Wieliczka, a town in Austrian Poland, in the center of the salt mining region of Galicia, in consequence of a violent movement of the waters and surface of the ground, a row of houses split in several places and the people fled in panic.

From a full examination of South African advices since the victory at Ulundi, the London *Times* draws the conclusion that King Cetywayo risked all on that battle, and therefore that the conclusion of the war has been virtually reached.

President Grevy has pardoned sixty five Communists confined at the French penal settlement in New Caledonia.

Stanley, the explorer, has started from Sierra Leone, Africa, on another expedition to the River Congo.

Three well-known Russian lawyers have been arrested in St. Petersburg, charged with being concerned in an attempt to assassinate Lieutenant-General Drenteln.

At a conference in Manchester of delegates representing 200,000 English miners a resolution was unanimously passed favoring emigration to the United States.

A dispatch from Cape Town, South Africa, reports that King Cetywayo has sent word that he wishes to surrender, but fears being killed. A reply was returned promising him safety and good treatment.

A new cabinet has been formed in Austria, with Count Taafe at the head as President of the Council and Minister of the Interior.

A London dispatch says that of 800,000 shares of the Panama canal scheme put upon the market only 20,000 shares have been taken. Despite the failure M. de Lesseps, backed by a French syndicate, is determined to proceed with the project. The *Paris Bourse* says "M. de Lesseps has received proposals from respectable American quarters offering to take up the shares of the Panama canal enterprise which were not subscribed for in France. Negotiations to that end are proceeding."

The pecuniary loss by the destruction of property by the great fire in Bosnia, is about $25,000,000. Nearly 1,500 houses were burned to the ground.

Quebec has witnessed another of the many bloody riots with which her streets are familiar. The French section of the Quebec Ship Laborers' Association having seceded from the parent society, paraded through the streets some 5,000 strong, and came in collision with a body of the society's Irish regular members, composed principally of Irishmen. The result was a bloody battle in which pistols were fired and showers of stones thrown, the small body of police being powerless to interfere. Two men were killed and about twelve others more or less severely wounded. Many hardware stores were sacked, business was entirely suspended, and the city government was for a time powerless to quell the disturbance.

John McIlsany, a well-known English financial agent, has failed for the heavy sum of $5,000,000. At the time his failure was announced there was a tremendous run at his office in London. His collapse is supposed to have been hastened by the recent decision of the Master of the Rolls in the Court of Chancery, who gave judgement against him for over $2,000,000 in a suit brought by the Erie railroad.

The British Parliament has been prorogued, the Queen's speech being delivered by royal commission. The speech is mainly congratulatory on the success of the British arms in Afghanistan and South Africa.

Another crisis in Turkey is imminent, many of the people being dissatisfied with the present government, and favoring the return of the deposed Sultan Murad, who